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CIVIC SONGS



BY
DAVID C. NIMMO





CIVIC SONGS



BY *Malcolm*
DAVID C. NIMMO
" "



PS 3571
1913

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P R E F A C E



EARLY in 1908 I published a book of "Songs." It could not find a publisher and the only person I had evidence read the book could see little merit in it. In 1910 I published another book of "Songs and Tales" which was even farther from a publisher and reader. In fact some of the copies which were presented to university professors on condition that they should read a specimen or two of the work were returned. Perhaps I ought to accept this as final judgment, especially as I can now see many reasons and am not surprised at their failures. The judgment of the hour is disputed. I have not lost faith in the three major songs of both the first and second book, though I should like to revise them all, cut half the introduction from the "Mother's Lamentation" and balance up and add considerable more matter to "The Debate." For this reason I feel justified in putting "Civic Songs" into print. If the work ever comes to public attention, and if Time, the supremest, most impartial, truest and last of all critics, gives the universal judgment against it, I will accept the deliverance and believe my faith has had its roots in the author's blindness.

In putting this matter forth I regret it is not in a better form. A soul ought to have a corresponding body. As a machinist working ten hours a day at the trade I do not feel justified in throwing away any more money than necessary. This will preserve the songs till perhaps they find a publisher, which I have now ceased to look for, as sometimes a communication for the publishing of a book of verse is not even answered.

I cannot say of this book as of the two former, that it is not worth a mouthful of bread. I sold the "Blacksmith's Song" to the Trade Journal, and the "Electrician's Song" to the Edison Monthly, both of New York. Two editors whose chief business is the mechanics of life were the first and only to write a few words of appreciation. They were a pleasure and against some of the most unkindest cuts of all helped to harden the spirit and stiffen the backbone to front the growing and grimer reality of life.

Some of these songs can hardly be called "Civic," but if they ever find their way to the public they will easily find their proper classification. This is presented to you with the hope that you will read, and as far as lies within you, give the judgment of the universal spirit.

D. C. N.

Detroit, Sept. 1, 1912.



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THE AMERICAN EAGLE:

Oh pinioned prince of heaven's wide expanse!
Oh citizen of kingdoms in the sky!
Oh dweller mid the solar lightning lance!
Oh spirit winged to soar and never die!
Oh mighty and symbolic soul! Oh high
And emblematic nature! Oh type divine
Of life's impassioned heart when it doth sigh
For liberty! Oh prophetic sign
Of those regenerated states that lie
Within the future, and yet upon us shine
The form and spirit life for which the nations pine!

Out of all things in heaven and earth and sea
That come to men appealing in their might,
This Union when she rose among the free
Enfranchised nations of the world, caught sight
Of thy majestic power and chose thy bright
Emancipation to image her desires.
The promised hope of man's ancestral right,
The strength and heat of Liberty's own fires,
The generations rising for the fight
And continents of freedom in the sires,
All fixed themselves on thee to bear their high aspires.

And thou hast borne the heart and hope and life;
And more than these, the rich maternal dream
That brings to birth and nourishes through strife
With noblest works as patriot-prophets deem.
And thou dost bear beyond what all may seem
To the selfish, blind and staggering nations.
Yea! virtues more within thy bosom teem
To lift beyond time's proud imperial stations
Than most of thine own worshipers can theme.
In thee is life and ideal state creations
Whose scattered fragments lie mid time's mad desecrations.

Who would not pause and feed his restless eye
Upon thy form of majesty and power?
Thou hast dominion o'er the azure sky
And all beneath her rich concaving bower.
Thou art exalted on the glorious hour
Of noonday, and thy descending spirits claim
Ascensive souls. Not the sun upon his tower,
Nor the interswinging worlds, nor any fame
Of earthly seas or mountains can cast a lower
On thee, for elemental passions flame
Within thy mighty heart and overflow thy frame.

Which frame is in the vast proportions
Of those mighty things that base the universe;
Thee and thy members seem distortions
To puny man and all he doth disburse.
Thou art like expansive clouds the mountains verse
Upon their summits, or some exaltation
From the deeps of plumbless ocean. The nurse
That brought thee forth to wing the wide creation
Spaces made thee a form in which to pursue
The genius of a most resourceful nation,
A most imperial form for most empyreal station.

And beauty too as great things always are
She cast within thy full and flowing heart,
Which whence doth burst the dull material bar
And splendors like the morning doth impart.
Every line swings out to strength, and scorning art
Doth rise into the solemn and sublime
Of beauty. Though nature's sober colors dart
From thee across these rainbow splendors, the prime
Armorial robe thou never long canst bart
Is the golden, golden radiance of thy clime
Which robes thy matchless form as it doth the king of time.

Thy head is like the summit of a tower;
It rests upon thy cone-like neck as pride
Doth poise herself in an immortal hour.
Thy unconquerable beak doth deride
The service of the shield and hast supplied
The all protecting helmet. Thy tail
So like a fan projecting roof doth guide
Or aid thy course wherever thou doth sail.
Just underneath thy mighty talons hide
Their steel-like prongs which tyrants do bewail,
But thou dost never use until thy patience fail.

What lightning bolts are fixed within thy eyes
And far behind an incandescent fire
That all before that deep and distant lies
Can see and search without the least desire?
What voluminous electric coils doth wire
Thy sinuous neck, and what potentials rest
Within the batteries that never tire
Projecting from thy broad and bulwarked breast?
Thy massive and torpedic frame doth sire
The flying dreams the aeronaut has blessed,
And all around with more than iron-clad armor dressed.

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings
That with resistless power strike mortal sight!
When they are folded down on thee each flings
A sense of steel resistance and doth bedight
Thy electric-muscle heart like two bright,
Immense and most invulnerable shields.
When extended to the width of their delight
They seem two fans the morning spirit wields
To chase afar the phantoms of the night;
Two mighty wings across the azure fields
To wake the purer wind to which the spirit yields.

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings!
The wings like which imagination's hour
Can give no image but the spirit things
Enthroned upon the height of their immortal dower.
The cloudy wings that doth bedight high heaven's bower
And shade the sun upon his noonday throne,
The massive planet wings on which our
Own ecliptic souls have ever flown,
The all triumphant wings that doth devour
The passionate heart that for them ever moan,
Are bound upon thy soul and bound on thee alone.

But Oh thy wings; thy mighty matchless wings
Of resistless, omnipotential might!
On which Liberty with perpendicular springs
Doth poise herself upon the heightless height.
The wings of the world-soul that with delight
Smite earth's atmospheres with such terrific strife
That by the stroke the tyrants of the night
Are stricken down as by a lightning knife!
The wings on which the everlasting right
With the passions that her fountain heart holds rife
Ascends unto her throne to rule the spheres of life!

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings
The wings which bear ten thousand burdened years,
And all the host of men and travailing things
Who groaned in heart and wept their crimson tears!
The wings on which the patriot's visioned spheres
Soar up the steep, resistless heights of heaven
And find a course where never more he fears
This selfishness and these dark storms or levin!
The wings on which thy spirit when she hears
The cry of new born souls on earth with seven-
Fold speed descends to them with sure and swift replevin!

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings,
Of deep and inconceivable delight,
On which the patriot lives, the poet sings
And all Life's virtues ride upon the height!
The wings that with an all sustaining right
Doth bear aloft the state into the skies
Intact from time's contagion, and with a flight
That draweth forth the world's unfathomed cries!
Oh everlasting wings that sail the bright
Noontide dominions, and yet doth higher rise
Into the altitudes that still more vitalize!

What dominions of immeasurable space are thine!
The celestial and untraveled wide expanse—
The unobstructed openness and the divine
Immortal reaches beyond all mortal glance—
A boundless length and breadth that doth entrance
The high desires that worship thee on earth—
A heightless and unthinkable advance
In the recess of heaven's solemn mirth—
A dominion far above this daily dance
Of mortal things and all we hold of worth,
Infinite, eternal and thine unto its girth.

An infinite, eternal, vast domain
Which the golden sun with an effulgence bright
Doth fill and flood and ever more sustain
With transcendental energies of light.
What blinding radiant streams pour from the height
And steep with an immortal life each space
And power of thy possession! Oh what a sight
Of new and most majestic splendors grace
The broad horizons of morning and of night!
What rainbow dreams and golden hopes embrace
Their spirits from the sun and through thy kingdoms race!

What ethereal spirit atmospheres
Of elemental essences must feed
The youthful heart of thy victorious years!
Thy glorious all sustaining azures breed
In thee and all that hold thy sacred creed
The source and sense of immortality.
The eternal powers and infinite that lead
The earth upward, with lavish impartiality
Have through thy kingdom's length and breadth been freed.
All things that are in most intense reality?
Thy kingdom feeds and thee near heaven's wide portality.

And from the earth hast thou not gathered strength?
Though like the type of European power
Thy birth and breed was in the breadth and length
Of this new continent. Long before cur
History, circling thy firmamental bower
Thou didst drink the elemental energies
Of this new world. Thou didst feed thy immortal hour
With forests, mountains, plains and all that is
From sea to sea. The visions strong that tower
Above the strife and death of time's abyss
Fed thy impassioned heart with far prophetic bliss.

In thy young days the world soul's mighty zest
Passed into thee with those titanic powers
That sweep the earth where nature has expressed
Herself in vastest amplitudes. The towers
Where thunder storms and lightning bolts fill the bowers
Of trembling heaven were thy supreme delight,
And thou didst breast the fierce tempestuous hours
Till they retired disastered from the fight.
The cyclones and the blizzard that devours
With Arctic strength did congregate their might,
Yet right into their teeth was thy unwearied flight.

The rich potentialities of strength
From these yet unconfederated states—
This protectorate of ample breadth and length
That then and now marches to what thy soul creates
For it—how oft, how often it elates
To passion's most immortal measure!
Thou sawest it before its infant dates
And sported with its elements at leisure.
Thou sawest growth and struggles with the weights
Of tyranny; and Oh thy thrills of pleasure
That this new promise held the earth's sublimest treasure!

So on the nation's bright auspicious morn
Thou wert in glorious emancipation;
And in thy unadopted state hadst borne
To earth the patriot's visions of the sun
To front the far oppressors, and thus begun
The endless strife for man's ancestral right.
Thou didst guide the raw colonials the one
Enfranchised path the bravest must bedight
With life and death. Their crimson blood did run.
Into the earth before the noonday light
But soul rose to the sky and was with thine unite.

Upon this young republic, as on a birth
Divine and sheltered from aristocratic
Pride, as on the one prophetic mirth
Of the great earth mother, thy ecstatic
Visions fed themselves even with the sabbatic
And millennial dreams. As the years nursed
The infant and the new world's emphatic
Spirit grew up and self-consciousness burst
Within them, thou didst scorn all ancient Attic
Greatness; and hovering above, eyed and versed
The democratic child and fed its spirit's thirst.

The nation grew. The peaceful years of rest
Filled up the land, and from it forth did spring
A race of men new spirits high possessed,
A commoner and yet far more a king.
Great elemental natures have a swing
Of majesty, and their presence doth create
The glorious dreams of splendor that wing
Upon the vision. Such inspirations great
Our adolescent years on thee did fling,
The mighty dreams of cosmopolitan state
And led thy spirit far where none with thee could mate.

But thy enraptured and delirious hour
Was when the North arose and the earth's frame
Trembled and convulsed beneath thy looks of power.
Then thy presence like an embodied flame
Swept the land and kindled in the sires' tame
Inheritors the fierce resistless fires
Of liberty. The low, obscurest name
Rose up to manhood's high heroic ires,
Consumed to death before the darkest shame
That hell did ever cast on earth. The sires
Rose up again from death with thy new fed desires.

When forth they went, then at their hopeful head
Thy lightning form did into action guide,
Or down the front thy mighty wings outspread,
For dearer than thy unforsaken bride
Are loyal hearts to thee. Though death did ride
Thee down at first thou art unconquerable most.
When storms and strength thy mighty struggles hide.
Again, again, again, against the hell supported boast
Thy lightning face burst on them, till terrified
They fled from thee by river, plain, and coast
And left thee torn but proud of thy enfranchised host.

And even yet o'er those triumphant fields
Thy spirits pause and drink the deep delight
Such place and men unto thy nature yields.
The consecrated times and spots that light
A nation's path through foul engendering night
Are ever found where the unselfish fell
To bring the freer state. Such place is bright
Forever more and there the passions swell
Unto the wide distentions of thy might.
When there we look into the azure bell
Thy form doth on us flash with most immortal spell.

Thou with a magnanimity divine
Canst look from where thy sons are in their graves,
And dost embrace within thy best design
The peoples that would build upon the slaves,
Though their empire thou didst drive beneath the waves
Of darkness, death and curse. Thy kind desire
Encompassed the selfish blind, and saves
A remnant from their self-destroying ire;
And unto these thy spirit ever craves
To breath the best regenerating fire
Of thy immortal heart, and may it all inspire!

When the nation burst her hemispherical bound,
Becoming a great cosmopolitan power,
When Life and Time the sought king-commoner crowned
And kinged the man who was his throne and tower,
This azure deep and sun-effulgent bower
Was living with thy screams of wild delight,
And from thy unseen summits on the hour
Fell prophecies of vaster sweep and height.
The glory of a nation's high endower
Thou castest on her pompus pride and might,
Is to inspire the world, defend and guide it right.

Thou dost sweep the boundaries of the nation;
Along the great lakes and forty-ninth line
Thou sailest slow with calmest meditation,
Down the Pacific coast thy watchful eyne
Notes every point with purposes divine.
Across the state and Gulf of Mexico
A heavy weight upon thy spirits pine;
But up the strong Atlantic coast the glow
Of life in each metropolis like wine
Renews thy heart, and there thou dost bestow
New portions of thyself in thy soul's overflow.

Then straight across with motion calm and slow
Thy matchless form doth stately take her way,
And close to earth as if it fain would know
The trifles mere that on her line doth lay
Thy searching eyes with their incessant play
Sees every city, hamlet, field and stream,
And every nook that hardly sees the day.
From east to west as goes the golden gleam
Of heaven and back again unto the Pilgrim's bay
Thy flight oft goes, and more than we can dream
Is gathered up to feed the hopes that in thee teem.

Then from the north, the vital giving north,
Where thou dost pause and turn unto the pole
As to invite their fury to burst forth:
Then amply to the south but all thy soul
Reading the earth unto its heart, and the whole
Resourceful fund of that maternal plain
And treasures vast of silver, iron and coal
The mountain ranges hide in many a vein.
From north to south and back again as roll
The mighty waters, so thou art often fain
To sail and full survey the nation's heart and brain.

Thy circuitous flight oft goes from state to state;
And especially where the representatives
Are council gathered to deliberate
The course and deed which has the high ascensives.
Upon some near and mighty throne that gives
Thee sun-inspection, thy penetrating eyes
Doth more than read the selfishness that lives
Behind the veil and in the slim disguise
Of politics corrupt. In thy celestial sieves
Thou castest them, and never, never dies
Their virtue out of earth or place within the skies.

But thy common course is in the altitudes
Sublime of azure and the golden sun.
Upon those heights thy spirit lives and broods
Upon the nation; and more since it begun
Those circling sweeps of triumph that run
Like an ascending cone straight toward the throne
Of noonday. What victorious trophies won
From time and tyrants thine! What dreams are shown
To thy immortal visions! What nation
Like the nation thy high ideals own!
And histories divine when these have been outgrown!

Thou hast nursed the nation to its height;
Thou hast purged away the dark dismembering curse;
Thou dost supply the golden visions bright,
The far ideals upon us free unpurse.
If from such an infancy thou dost nurse
The greatness and the majesty that lends
This glory unto time and hope and verse,
It is not strange thy spirit often rends
The remnant of the ancient, ancient curse,
And with the great "to be," the present blends,
And lifts up all our hearts as thine own wide distends.

This late expansion, prosperity and peace
Creates unrest for an earth encircling flight
Beyond thy states that rise in grand increase.
Thy victorious citizen which the light
Of thine own glorious nature doth bedight
In giant stature, strength and character
Now travels all the earth. The time is right
To circumnavigate the globe and stir
To life the slumbering nations of the night—
To wake the dead and on the quick confer
The blessings more divine than frankincense and myrrh.

Then once around and far aloft on high—
With one vast sweep of all beholding sight—
With one vast tide of feeling that fills thy
Faith sustaining being—with one vast might
That girds thy frame with omnipotential right,
Then in the splendors of the setting sun
Thou vanishest. But as thy soul of light
Descends the steps of heaven the watching nation
Beholds the west so insupportably bright
Some age anew seems gloriously begun,
Or prophecies sublime of what may yet be won.

As thou dost near the Asiatic shore
And hoverest o'er the teaming populations
Of life's benumbing customs from the hoar
Antiquities, divinest agitations
Scarcely stir for thy enthroned creations
Are strange and far to their uplifted eyes.
All that thou art on thy celestial stations
Of spirit liberty can only raise
A dumb and sightless stare. Even on such nations
Some spirit sparks thou rainest from the skies
Some unbarn hero soul to wake and energize.

Still sailing west from thy sublime survey
Thou beholdest the bulwarked breasted tyrannies
Of Europe's far horizon. Thou obscurest day
For them, for their deformed indignities
On human kind awakes the all that is
Within thy sunlike soul, and thy lightning dashes
Strike judgment on the crimson principalities.
In the darkness gigantic fear lashes
The throne and powers down, down to the abyss.
Within the trodden, sparkless, cindered ashes
A dream that fell from thee with life electric flashes.

But farther west: Oh what a boundless shout
Doth shake the earth, as the nations that conceived
And cradled Liberty in many a rout
By sea and land and mount have now relieved
The transcendental energies they received
By thy supreme and infinite delight!
Their spirits mount to thee as stones are heaved
By the titanic, omnipotential might
Of the earth's volcanic heart; or as a grieved
Liberator beholds the vision bright,
Attracted is or flies to thee upon the height.

England, the mother of the modern world,
The first defense of man's inherent right,
The Gibraltar strength that oft has hurled
The tyrant and the tyrannies of night
Into the gulf, is so shaken by the sight
Of thy congenial spirit that her foundations
Seem to break from Europe's chain of might.
By thy inspire and glorious exaltations
Even her dead arise. In armor bright
With mighty shouts that shake the elder nations
They watched the western flight of thy world ambulations.

Never yet did the morning's opening eyes
Behold the sun ascend the restless ocean
With gladder heart than when thy sons arise
To welcome thee from thy long ceaseless motion
That resteth not but with thy heart's devotion.
Traffic, pleasure, prosperity and pride
Are disenchanted, and every common notion
Doth yield its place unto the mighty tide
That swelleth up with infinite emotion.
What gratitude and admiration ride
To meet thee on thy course and follow at thy side!

Then straight to Washington: Upon the cloud-
Like summit of that renowned Corinthian
Pillar raised for thee thy mighty wings are bowed
To rest again among thy closest kin.
That congregated host which thou dost win
Look not to thee with more divine desires
Than thou on them and theirs, for not within
The whole round earth are better sons and sires
Or freer states though all are touched with sin.
Not yet are we to the height of thy aspires,
Yet here thy bosom feels most kindred to thy fires.

Then to the great centers of population
Thy kindly flight doth take another course:
Philadelphia and New York's congregation
Thou hoverest o'er. Boston, the source
Of life is dear to thee. Buffalo and each concourse
On the lakes, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago
And Milwaukee thy heart doth reinforce.
The twin cities, Seattle, San Francisco,
Denver, New Orleans and St. Louis course
Thy blood afresh. Homeward thou dost go
Viewing Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Baltimore aglow.

Nor dost thou disdain the church. Upon her spire
That is the nearest thing to heaven on earth,
Thou often dost alight. The worshipers choir
Thy praise with next to their sublimest mirth
Which thou acceptest well, for the church's birth
Disowns thee not, but their God-victorious might
Hast fought thy battles and given both the girth
And center of hell's kingdom to thy right.
Yea! When thou seekest strength and weight and worth
Thou seekest not in the politics that blight
But in his high born sons whom God makes free and bright.

O'er the college thou pausest in thy flight
And searchest here for those immortal hopes
Which thou canst stir with passion's golden might
To lead the state that often blindly gropes
Or staggers and is lost upon the slopes
Of life. The spirit of intelligence
Is close and kin to thee, and ever opes
The eyes and feeds the heart with such intense,
Passionate devotions, that life's envelopes
Which ever blind the creatures of the sense
Can never blind her sons though storms are dark and dense.

Here and there beneath the morning's smile
Stand bands of hope that round a teacher pace.
They search the sky, till through a cloud's defile
She points a speck, which found they faintly trace
Its motions. What shouts of gladness embrace
The vision new on life's young infant eyes?
But thou descendest and thy celestial grace
Burns to the soul, the soul that in thee lies.
How oft, how oft along their mortal race!
They watch the azure splendors of the skies,
Where though for moments lost thy presence on them flies.

When two score seasons into music chime
And give the soul distentions of the years—
With knowledge of the tyrannies of time
And gratitude's divine unbidden tears—
With service to thy spirit in the spheres
And love to all that makes thee what thou art—
With faith above whatever now appears
They stand again and on the skies they chart
Thy presence. Under thee a state rears
Itself and feeds from thy divinest heart
True spirit liberty and all thou dost impart.

Once more they stand with four-score winter snows
Upon their heads and lift their eyes to thee,
For in their hearts thy vital spirit glows
And maketh age the dawn of immortality—
Once more before they pass away to be
Come citizens of the cosmopolitan state
Of strength and truth and love and purity
That somewhere must unbosom wide its gate
Among the stars of vast eternity,
They solemn pause and their spirits satiate
With thy immortal powers no night of death can weigh.

As once on Gettysburg stood the one great
Heroic figure of a hundred years,
And round him close his ministers of state
And soldier chiefs rejoicing though in tears:
Aloft they looked and through a cloud of fears
Thy form they then beheld in glorious flight
Straight toward the sun, or toward the blinded spheres
That brighter shine beyond the noonday's sight.
Though blood and death upon their eyes and ears
The prophet's eye in vastest lines of light
Sought then to map thy course upon the boundless height.

So would the soul of the regenerated state
Which has been born and fed and fired by thee
Penetrate into the future and antedate
The triumphs and the courses yet to be.
But Oh alas! The sad infirmity
Of time's destructive selfishness doth blind
And stay the visions of eternity.
What is to be is curtained from the mind
Of wisdom and all but those who live to see;
Still deep desire within a course has signed
Of presence, power and rule among our human kind.

Drink deep, drink deep the radiance of the morn!
Baptize thy soul in the east and western sea!
The north and south pass into thee unshorn!
And in the sun thy flight still nearer be,
And circle in the calm eternity!
The elemental essence that free
Themselves upon the azure altitudes,
Oh absorb them all in thrice-fold purity!
Be thou forever throned where liberty broods
Upon the times of high futurity!
Scatter golden hopes and dreams in multitudes
To sing unto the earth millennial interludes!

Where e'er the sight of the enthroned oppressor
In all the earth shall strike thy blindless eyes—
Wherever Freedom rises the redressor
To sell themselves in glorious sacrifice—
Behold, behold! And from thy azure skies
Dart like a lightning bolt upon thy foes
And free the accumulated judgment that flies
Like an avalanche of wrath and overthrows
The purple dynasties. Oh energize
The births divine with richest overflows
Than they have ever dreamed or strongest mortal knows!

Break thou the barriers that circumscribe
Thy territorial lines, and emancipate
Thy spirit's domination to every tribe
Of the vast unguarded globe, though their estate
Be high or low. The whole terrestrial weight
Of empire do thou sustain, and be the breast
And mighty heart that passion palpitates
The citizen of the world. Be thou possessed
Of the universal heart and thou it mate
With the cosmopolitan kingdom of the blessed,
Still leading up the world unto its final rest.

Then far aloft within the golden sun,
Thy spirit's circles in a course diurnal
Around the globe forevermore Oh run!
Rain thou upon the host the high maternal
Inspirations to write earth's daily journal,
And nurture up the godlike mind and breast
Of immortality! Rain, rain the vernal
Recreations in and round the race of unoppressed
And liberated man! The great supernal
Soul of splendor with pure effulgence blest
Upon thy world and works forevermore will rest.

TO UNCLE SAM.

All hail to the man of the western sphere,
The man that is man indeed!
Bring the ancient king and the landed peer
To measure the man we breed.
He has scepter, throne and an empire vast,
Place, honor and rank and birth.
In man that is man has old nature cast
The gifts that outweigh the earth.
He's the man of the ripe, round earth.
The hope of his mother's mirth.
The elements, passion and power
Enthroned him and crown with endower,
The man of the ripe, round earth.

Both the north and south, both the east and west,
Mount, river and pulsing plain,
Fed the elements raw to his bulwarked breast
And fire to his lightning brain.
Like a granite base, like a mountain head,
As strong as the earth's back bone;
Tall, erect and wise and immortal fed,
He's a man that the world can own.
He's the man of the ripe, round earth, etc.

From sea to sea, from gulf to the line,
He travels as never a king.
From mountain and plain, sea, city and mine
Hosts swift to his banners spring.
Man is true to man as earth to the earth
When man and the elements probe.
And the masses rise in a nobler birth
To follow him round the globe.
He's the man of the ripe, round earth, etc.

'Tis a greater world and a greater man
On the morning's golden skies.
Every day Life strikes out a higher plan
And a higher state must rise.
To the vision high from the strain and strife
The Republic hopes in thee,
Thou man of its birth, of its higher life,
Faith, freedom and destiny.
He's the men of the ripe, round earth,
The hope of his mother's mirth.
The elements, passion and power,
Enthroned him and crown with endower,
The man of the ripe, round earth.

A NATIONAL SONG—NO. 1.

Tune: Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Try to sing this.

Oh Union, the first of the nations!
Oh States joined with freedom as king!
As mountains are strong in their stations
Around Thee we stand and will sing.
Thy States be forever united!
No star from its splendor e'er pale!
Each sister unblighting, unblighted!
Hail, hail Mighty Union, Oh hail!
Hail, hail Mighty Union, Oh hail!
The States of our birth, strength and pride!
Each State and the Union forever!
Hail, hail through all time and all tide!

The Pilgrims, their sons and their daughters,
With liberty, faith, God and hope,
Bold steered through the untraveled waters
To build on this rock frowning slope.
They conquered with nature's wild passion;
An empire with virtue did sow;
To their spirit and high, kingly fashion,
Grow, grow Mighty Union, Oh grow!
Grow, grow Mighty Union, Oh grow!
The States of our birth, strength and pride!
Each State and the Union forever!
Grow, grow through all time and all tide!

When the Mother became the oppressor
And gave us the sword, not the shield,
A Washington rose the redressor,
His name on thy forehead is sealed.

When division again shook the nation,
And trembled each pillar and arch,
A Lincoln restored thee to station,
March, march Mighty Union, Oh march.
March, march Mighty Union, Oh march!
The States of our birth, strength and pride!
Each State and the Union forever!
March, march through all time and all tide!

Thy brow be encircled with glory!
Thy heart filled with faith, love and truth!
Thy fame be embalmed in our story
By manhood, by age and by youth!
A Wisdom! A Power! A Defender!
A Wealth giving nations thy gain!
A Virtue! An Honor! A Splendor!
Reign, reign Mighty Union, Oh reign.
Reign, reign Mighty Union, Oh reign!
The States of our birth, strength and pride!
Each State and the Union forever!
Reign, reign through all time and all tide!

A NATIONAL SONG—NO. 2.

The mountains with echoes are ringing;
The plains with responses are strong;
The winds the old forests are swinging ;
The seas are in surges of song.
Old nature is waking the nation;
Her spirit of life is like wings;
All passion and power in elation
Arise in the chorus that sings.
Oh Nation, the home and defender
Of Liberty, hope and the free!
Great Spirit, allegiance we tender
In songs like the surge of the sea.

Here life is as strong as the mountains;
Rich, rich as our wheat-billowed plains;
Sweet, sweet as the song of the fountains;
Free, free as the bird and her strains;
Here man is in man's highest fashion;
A man here out-balances kings;
To think is a fervor of passion;
My country before me upsprings.
Oh Nation, the home and defender, etc.

Old Boston is singing the glory;
San Francisco, the golden, replies;
The twin cities trumpet the story;
St. Louis is shaking the skies.
The continent heaves like the ocean;
The masses are swelling with pride;
Oh Spirit, behold the devotion
That round and beneath thee doth ride!
Oh Nation, the home and defender, etc.

On, onward, my Country! Thy marches
Are leading the nations of earth.
The future and azure high arches
Are ringing Thee welcome of mirth.
The hopes of the world and the ages
Are looking and leaning on Thee.
On, onward, Oh onward, as sages
Have dreamed of the nation to be!
Oh Nation, the home and defender
Of Liberty, hope and thee free!
Great Spirit, allegiance we tender
In songs like the surge of the sea.

A FOURTH OF JULY SONG.

Arise, oh arise! 'Tis the Fourth of July! -
A glorious dawn is on earth and the sky.
The morning inviteth and calls in surprise
To march with the armies that round us arise.
Today is the day when the nation was born;
Old earth and her sons with a gladness is torn.
Republican State! Oh Democracy great!
With liberty, life and all passions elate
We rise and we march and around Thee we ring,
Allegiance and honor and praises we sing.

The fathers who fathered and founded the state,
The mothers who mothered and nourished it great,
Behold them, behold! In colonial guise
They're marching right into the morning's bright eyes.
Today is the day when the nation was born, etc.

The sons and the daughters of earlier years
With brawniest strength defied nature and fears.
The chopper and plowman and builder abreast
Are marching before us with passions of zest.
Today is the day when the nation was born, etc.

The army and navy with honors divine
Who died for the state on the fiercest front line.
Behold them, behold them! In marches they go
That shaketh the globe both of friends and of foe.
Today is the day when the nation was born, etc.

Look, look! Who are these? The immortals most great
Have descended to earth for our honors of state.
'Tis Washington, Franklin, great Lincoln and Grant
And all the immortals we honor and chant.
Today is the day when the nation was born, etc.

North, east, south and west with musicians on march,
With playing and singing shake pillar and arch.
Earth's passions upspring, the true citizen found,
The Fourth of July to the state has him bound.

Today is the day when the nation was born;
Old earth and her sons with a gladness is torn
Republican State! Oh Democracy great!
With liberty, life and all passions elate.
We rise and we march and around Thee we ring,
Allegiance and honor and praises we sing.

THE UNITED STATES FOREVER!

Great nations live. The splendors rise
Along the circling eons.
Each loyal race allegiance cries
And shakes the earth with paeons
In this new sphere old nature brings
Her last of state creations.
Another race allegiance sings
And shakes the elder nations.
My State and these United States,
Thy praises cease shall never!
Oft now and then I'll fling the weights
That would unconscious sever,
And shout for these United States,
The United States forever!

The north and south each other greet:
"Thou art my very brother!"
The east and west together meet:
"A son of my old mother!"
From shore to shore, from gulf to line,

Are men strong as the mountains,
Are women fair with life divine,
Children as glad as fountains.
My State and these United States, etc.

Here Life has struck her richest roots;
Her boughs reach unto heaven;
The heavy laden ripest fruits
Are sheltered from all levin.
Here Liberty, the Lord of life,
To kingly sense is bringing
The masses from the night and strife,
And round him they are singing:
My State and these United States, etc.

The future calls. Who, who shall lead
The world in higher courses?
Oh Nation great, forever breed
The peaceful man and forces!
But when entangled in the strife
Belt, belt the passions tighter!
Still make our man the Lord of life
Yet leave in him the fighter.
My State and these United States, etc.

Be wise and just; be strong and free;
Advancing, clean, victorious;
Translating into thine and thee
Thy higher soul so glorious.
Forever let great Liberty
Lead on thy mighty marches!
Thy future then shall brighter be
Along these golden arches.
My State and these United States,
Thy praises cease shall never!
Oft now and then I'll fling the weights
That would unconscious sever,
And shout for these United States,
The United States forever!

A MICHIGAN STATE SONG.

Oh hail to the state that is girded round
By the elements strong and free!
For the grand old nurse has Michigau bound
By the virtues of the sea.

In the very heart of a hemisphere
By old nature's first decrees
Our Michigan rose from the crystal clear
As queen of the inland seas.
We're the sons of the inland seas!
The sons of the inland seas!
For virtue, for counsel or war
We will march on the line most fore,
The sons of the inland seas.

The spirit divine of the ocean vast
Sweeps Michigan's passionate breast;
And the fierce north storms and the winter blast
Feed her with a mighty zest.
We will drink the airs; we invite the wind
And stand like the old pine trees,
Striking deeper roots, growing higher kind
And manhood of unbent knees.
We're the sons of the inland seas! etc.

The ways and the wars and the heroes great
Are past and forever done;
Peace, virtue and thought are a higher state,
And a better man must run.
Be Michigan strong in the ways of peace!
Let our toil unbreed disease!
Let justice and right with our wealth increase,
New happiness, health and ease.
We're the sons of the inland seas! etc.

Our Michigan stands to the forward years;
Her sons and daughters arise;
Fair Detroit leads such a line of peers
As delights the nation's eyes.
"Hail! Hail to the times! More shall hail to the years!"
We cast on the lake-born breeze.
With a strength and hope that can know no fears,
We're the sons of the inland seas.
We're the sons of the inland seas!
The sons of the inland seas!
For virtue, for counsel or war
We will march on the line most fore,
The sons of the inland seas.

AN ARIZONA STATE SONG.

Arizona! Arizona!

Around the mountain peaks
A mighty song of solemn sound
Unto the moment speaks.
And from the green and desert plains
Still greater measures rise
Till heaven and earth seem full of strains
That to the nation cries:

Arizona! Arizona!

Arizona, let her go!

All we have and are and hope for,
For our friends and 'gainst the foe,
For man and woman, state and right,
Union, liberty and light,
Arizona, let her go!

Those miners on the mountain heights,
The farmers in the vales,
Those citizens of growing might,
The ranchmen on the trails,
From all the boundaries of the state,
Oh, harken! Don't you hear?

A song of growing measures great

Is bursting on the ear:

Arizona! Arizona!

Arizona, let her go!

All we have and are and hope for,
For our friends and 'gainst the foe,
For man and woman, state and right,
Union, liberty and light,
Arizona, let her go!

The pioneers and fighters old
Who battled with the wild,
The children of a fairer mould
New times are making mild.
The past and future, sisters fair,
All powers and forms of life
Cast on the wild, unladen air

Into the world of strife:

Arizona! Arizona!

Arizona, let her go!

All we have and are and hope for,
For our friends and 'gainst the foe,
For man and woman, state and right,
Union, liberty and light,
Arizona, let her go!

Arizona! Arizona!

The youngest of the states,
But living in the elements
She fronts the future fates.
Unmindful of the solemn powers
Unto the sister throng,
Like life's untutored tutored hours
She thunders out a song:

Arizona! Arizona!

Arizona, let her go!
All we have and are and hope for,
For our friends and 'gainst the foe.
For man and woman, state and right,
Union, liberty and light,
Arizona, let her go!

A MISSOURI STATE SONG.

Old Missouri! Old Missouri!

What magic in the sound!

I leap to life with passion rife

And forward with a bound.

Missouri is my native state;

Missouri is my home;

To hear and see Missouri great,

My passions rise and foam.

Great Missouri! Strong Missouri!

I feel thee in my heart,

Both life and fire, hope and inspire

Thou freely dost impart.

Where sisters, soldiers congregate,

Great Missouri! Strong Missouri!

Old Missouri is my state!

As virtue from the mountains high

The river gives to Thee,

Thy geyser fountains upward fly

Imparting life to me.

The rolling prairies of the north,

The south land, rich in hills,

The east and west like sisters blest

Thy glowing spirit fills.

Great Missouri! Strong Missouri! etc.

A spirit vast above the state

Wends watching to and fro.

Oh hark and hear that trumpet clear:

"Grow, grow, Missouri, grow!"

She sees the future's fruitful years
That golden splendors arch.
The mighty soul doth on us roll:
"March, march, Missouri, march!"
Great Missouri! Strong Missouri! etc.

Where e'er I travel round the earth
I often see and hear
The old Missouri of my birth
Upon my eye and ear.
I think of her; my passions foam
Like tides of ocean strong,
And hear her gently calling home
With sweet, old cradle song.
Great Missouri! Strong Missouri!
I feel thee in my heart.
Both life and fire, hope and inspire
Thou freely dost impart.
Where sisters, soldiers congregate
Great Missouri! Strong Missouri!
Old Missouri is my state!

A NORTH DAKOTA STATE SONG.

Oh my mother state, All hail!
North Dakota shall prevail.
The rich fountains in thy heart
Burst and bubble, flow, impart,
Till we feel thy passions rife
Flooding us with boundless life.
Hail, Oh North Dakota, hail!
Thy full fountains in us spring.
Mould, oh mould us in thy form
As around thee now we sing:
Hail, Oh North Dakota, hail!
Though the fiercest storms assail,
North Dakota shall prevail.

Dreamed, designed and cast by fate
For a noble, glorious state.
Dwelling on the northern bound,
Flinging bounty all around;
Vast horizon, heightless height,
Strength and virtue thee invite.
Hail, Oh North Dakota, hail! etc.

Fountains, winds and seas have song
And the mountains bear the strong;
But thy boundless prairie plains

Beareth Life and all her trains.
Thou art mother of the breed
That is chosen, chosen seed.

Hail, Oh North Dakota, hail! etc.

We behold thy fields of life
Growing green to harvest rife.
Summer suns and winter storms
Passion feeds and equal warms.
North Dakota in me springs
Till I feel on eagle wings.

Hail, Oh North Dakota, hail!
Thy full fountains in us spring.
Mould, oh mould us in thy form
As around thee now we sing:
Hail, Oh North Dakota, hail!
Though the fiercest storms assail
North Dakota shall prevail.

AN OREGON STATE SONG.

I have heard the classic stories
Of the mighty empires great.
I have dreamed the golden glories
Of the column, dome and gate.
But I chose the ancient mother
When I threw the dice of fate,
Finding men that man can brother,
And this Oregon, my state.
Oh Oregon! Oh Oregon!
Let all our borders ring!
Mountains, forests, winds and waters,
Mothers, sires and sons and daughters
Far the mother's praises fling!
To Oregon, to Oregon,
To Oregon Oh sing!

Life was sore at old tradition;
Thou hast placed me in the West.
Man is bent to his condition;
Thou hast given freedom blest.
Life is hungry for life's passion;
Thou art feeding crimson zest.
Build in manhood's highest fashion;
I am growing with the best.
Oh Oregon! Oh Oregon! etc.

I have heard thy cities singing,
Sing thy praises far and near.
Farms and highland-forests swinging,
Swing it out to all the sphere.
There's a majesty of splendor,
There's a march of high career,
There's a glorious train attender
Round the mother that we cheer.
Oh Oregon! Oh Oregon! etc.

I am swept on by the vision
Of the state that is to be,
And I laugh in loud derision
At some states that I can see.
For my Oregon doth cherish
A prophetic progeny,
And the highlands love to nourish
Life the straightest, strong and free.
Oh Oregon! Oh Oregon!
Let all our borders ring!
Mountains, forests, winds and waters,
Mothers, sires and sons and daughters,
Far the mother's praises fling!
To Oregon, to Oregon,
To Oregon Oh sing.

A COLORADO STATE SONG.

"Colorado!" sing the fountains;
"Colorado!" shout the mountains
From the azure breasted skies.
Field and forest, plain and river
And each gold and silver giver
Answer back with trumpet cries:
Colorado! Colorado!
We must ever sing of thee,
For Life's glowing passioned powers
Sweep us singing to the hours:
Colorado! Colorado!
Colorado mothered me!

As the rivers to the ocean,
As the ocean to earth's motion
So go Colorado's sons.
We have passed the eastern portal
And have found ourselves immortal
In the course that nature runs.
Colorado! Colorado! etc.

All the nation on her marches
Through the future's splendored arches
Hark to Colorado's song.
She is rising in her passion
To her highest form and fashion
Like a queen among the throng.
Colorado! Colorado! etc.

Take Life's pomp and pride and station;
'Tis a danger to a nation;
Men and manhood are the wealth.
Colorado faileth never!
Colorado stands forever,
All sufficient to herself!
Colorado! Colorado!
We must ever sing of thee,
For Life's glowing passioned powers
Sweep us singing to the hours:
Colorado! Colorado!
Colorado mothered me!

A WYOMING STATE SONG.

Life, when she the world created
Made Wyoming for her own.
Passions, forms and glories mated
For her dwelling and her throne.
Mountains, valleys, grandeurs, splendors,
Skies and winds and atmospheres
She created for attenders
And companions through the years.
Young Wyoming! Wild Wyoming!
Nature in her purest prime!
Oh great Mother, from thee spring
Strength to dream, to dare and climb.
All thy sons forever sing:
Live Wyoming, grow Wyoming,
As Time's circles onward wing!

Shadowed by these grandeurs solemn
We are burdened to the earth.
Deep inspired, strong as a column
Comes another man to birth.
He is backboned like the mountains,
Granite-breasted, muscled-strong,
Fed as from thy river fountains,
Singing on his way a song.
Young Wyoming! Wild Wyoming, etc.

Hear the morn on mountain singing:

“This Wyoming is my throne.”

From the valleys echoes winging:

“This Wyoming is my own.”

Hear each growing city ringing:

“This Wyoming, her alone.”

Miners, herders, ranchmen flinging:

“This Wyoming to the bone.”

Young Wyoming! Wild Wyoming, etc.

Fill me with Wyoming's passion!

I would drink it down like wine.

Robe my spirit in her fashion,

Roughness round the virtues fine.

Claimed and branded, impulsed, sighted

To Wyoming's best design,

Make me, Mother, noble mighted

Like old Nature's man divine.

Young Wyoming! Wild Wyoming!

Nature in her purest prime!

Oh great Mother, from thee spring

Strength to dream, to dare and climb.

All thy sons forever sing:

Live Wyoming, grow Wyoming,

As Time's circles onward wing!

A TEXAS STATE SONG.

h harken and hear, for Nature's great soul

t Panama calleth the continent's roll!

he thunders out: “Texas!” and then with a bound

he answer comes forth in great rivers of sound:

“Great Texas is here! Great Texas is here!

As placed by the Mother with tenderness dear.

Oh Nature divine to thee we are bound

And answer thy call with a glorious sound.

As full of thy life as thy life is of cheer.

Great Texas is here! Great Texas is here!”

h harken again! The Queen of the State

alls horseman and leaders and citizens great.

rom highlands and rivers, seas, cities and plains

esponses arise in immortal strains:

“Great Texas is here! Great Texas is here!”

We bask in the splendor of heaven's bright sphere.

With plenty and peace we are climbing a slope

That fattens our cattle, green fattens our hope.
Around thee we pledge an allegiance most dear,
Great Texas is here! Great Texas is here!"

Oh harken once more! Uncle Samuel has need;
He fights at the wall and needs the old breed.
"Help Texas, Oh help!" Then instant doth sound
A thunderlike roar as of lions in bound:

"Hold on Uncle Sam for great Texas is here!
We're on the dead run. We are shaking the sphere.
Each man in the state for the fiercest front line
Is fretting and fuming, in chafe and in pine.
We're now at thy side with the slogan all fear;
Great Texas is here! Great Texas is here!"

The modern soul is now calling the great
In voice as sublime as the trumpets of fate.
The nations all pause as the thunder doth fall;
Hark! Hark! Who is next? "Great Texas" the call.

"Great Texas is here! Great Texas is here!
As strong as the whirlwinds and forests and mere.
We're growing and climbing with passion sublime
To match and to march the great spirits of time.
Like mountains and rocks of the granite bound sphere,
Great Texas is here! Great Texas is here!"

AN OHIO STATE SONG.

Oh harken and hear! To the south and the north
A thunder like song as from mountains goes forth.
The sons of Ohio from center to bound
Are singing the song that the mother has found.

Ohio, Ohio, the glory

Of mother, son, daughter and sire!

Ohio is blazing in story,

Her breath is the breath of inspire!

Ohio within me is springing.

Ohio! Ohio! I'm singing.

The cities, the towns and the villages small,
The farmers and fields, forests, rivers and all
Are joining the song and the measures that rise
Are shaking the earth and like thunder the skies.

Ohio, Ohio, the glory, etc.

Ohio is fed from the center of earth
For front of all life and the summits of worth,

For labors of peace and the battles of war,
State, church and the home, camp, college and lore.
Ohio, Ohio, the glory, etc.

Behold the proud mother! She mothers the great,
The presidents, soldiers and leaders of state.
Hayes, Harrison, Garfield, McKinley and Taft;
She's proud of her sons and to herself laughed.
Ohio, Ohio, the glory, etc.

'The sisters all hark on the borders around
When Ohioans join in the glorious sound,
A song like the sea with its passions and powers
The sisters enchan^d from the thrall of the hours.
Ohio, Ohio, the glory, etc.

Ohio's great sons to the end of the earth
Remember the state that has given them birth.
Oft, often they jump to their feet with delight
For memory brings old Ohio to sight.
Ohio, Ohio, the glory
Of mother, son, daughter and sire!
Ohio is blazing in story,
Her breath is the breath of inspire!
Ohio within me is springing.
Ohio! Ohio! I'm singing.

LINCOLN.

Oh nature great! Oh virtue of the nation!
Oh spirit high, enthroned upon the height!
A type supreme of higher soul creation
That grows divine unto our mortal blight!
Thou feedest to our far-uplifted sight
The greatest need of life and time and nations,
For thou wert one the powers of truth and right
Sent into life, and up our hard gradations
Trained thee for strife against the storms of night.
Victorious soul! Spirit of inspirations!
One of the dreams of man! One of God's high creations!

Nature was cruel and yet most kind to thee
When thou wert cast down at the base of life
For at the base great things and men must be.
Thy towering strength, ungainly gaunt, was rife
With jest and many a sarcastic knife
Cut into thee. The kind old rugged nurse

Bound up thy wounds, and with a Spartan fife
Bade thee to stand and face the powers that curse.
She put thee up against the growing strife
And with thy growth did stir the elements worse,
Until at last, alone, strong as the universe.

Oft, often locked in many a mortal strife,
The vanquished spared or flung off bruised or dead,
Thou, rising up with fountains of new life,
Didst front the men who shook earth with their tread.
Into the pass where hosts in vain had bled
The mother thrust and knew that thou wouldst van
The world, for thy humanity was red
For generous life and for all men did plan.
Strong was the arm, high, high the lighted head,
Wise, wise the eye that did the nation scan
When thy organic strength took up the cause of man.

There was a day when Liberty's young nation
Desired a man to save the institutions.
"Arise, arise!" she cried in desperation,
"Against the storms, traitors and executions
That threaten death to time's best evolutions!"
Thou camest forth. The nation saw. Great Right
Sprang up and spurned her abject prostitutions.
Ready for war but shrinking from the fight,
Forth to the strife, defying soft solutions,
Into the black and lightning flashing night
To victory they went with thy contagious might.

Through those four years, blood-stained and stormed and
What heavy weights and crimson, crimson tears [plowed,
Thy spirit shed and often body bowed!
The stress of war eclipsed the world with fears,
But thou wert found, one of creation's peers,
A grand old type that man forever hails
And stations high to crown these mortal spheres.
Great leader strong, gath'ring the line that fails,
A hero true the battle front reveres,
Courage and faith that o'er assault prevails,
A master man of men no time or greatness pales.

High, generous and most magnanimous soul!
Fine quality, the rarest in the earth!
Part of the Infinite whose virtues roll
And now and then find being from the dearth.

Man's moulds were broke; time's standards of all worth
Destroyed; ideals old dethroned, and new
Conceptual forms rose to immortal birth.
Plain, simple, honest, common and warm and true,
Thy rich, magnanimous soul of saving mirth
Leads hence the mind to the highest heights we view,
And man and life and time in form divine renew.

Leader, martyr, prophet and president,
Where the great cosmopolitan councils meet,
Those spirits vast unanimous in consent
Invite thee up to their presiding seat.
Great congregation, where the ages greet
Each other, and time's mightiest souls unite
To rain on earth the life that is our meat,
Out of your hosts of genius, lore and might,
Courage and faith, self-sacrifice and feat.
Have ye but one that measures to his height?
A higher type of man to rule you as his right?

Though far aloft and growing more divine,
Wider the years and intervening space,
Rare magic powers out of thy spirit twine
And bind thee close, still closer to our race.
The ripe humanity upon thy face,
Thy warm hand-clasp and eyes inviting kind
Draw into life out of our hearts' embrace
"Father," "Brother," "Prophet," and names that bind
The hearts of men across all time and place.
Oh spirit great! Though thee ourselves we find;
Thou feedest us with life; through thee we are divined.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

What is written has been writ
And he that reads can read.
But until the heart is bit
To bleed and bleed and bleed
Thou wilt never have the wit
To see or feel Life's need.

Why is human life so lean? Why failure.
Disappointment, loss, despondency, remorse?
The spirit's high endowments and the force
Of immortality doubtless should insure
Men high careers of progress, and should cure
The sad disorders of our state.

Vast potencies, divine and great,
And prophecies that through all storms endure
Are felt in will and heart and brain
And kindle 'neath life's stress and strain.
Led on by dreams no dream should e'er deceive
Ideal worlds pass by and us behind them leave.

Why should the individual and the race
Be such fiascoes? What infinite ideal
Can justify the earth's dark history, and repeal
The waste of human life, the gifts and grace
Of billioned souls whom chaos doth embrace?
One, only one of all our line
We dream has reached the goal divine.
His few redeemed were found where ruin reels
Helpless to the abysmal deep.
All else is failure. Oh the reap
Of death! Oh the harvests vast of sin and hell!
Oh the loss and bitterness. God, God alone can tell!

Oh Love! Two long millenniums have rolled around
Since thy High Priest with sacrifice divine
Burst with effulgent brightness on the line
Of selfishness. With tremendous bound
Some sinful hearts leaped to his sight and sound.
The promise long has been delayed:
Hate, greed and strife are still unstayed,
But stronger grow as each with others twine.
Still evil yet doth reign supreme;
All clearly see in the lights that stream
The world is unredeemed. The Christ who died
And His creeds of love and life each day are crucified.

The high enthroned, purple and crowned transgressors
Of position, power, wealth and intelligence,
O'er the wide hosts of helpless ignorance
Become still more the strong and proud oppressors.
The union and new acts of these possessors
Upon the new horizon's bound
Cast most portentous sight and sound.
What dark, chaotic dreams will issue hence
From want and hunger's outraged sleep
If once their tempest passions leap?
The strife of life intensifies each day;
The weak are beasts of burden, the strong are beasts of prey.

Oh Love, all things are calling out for thee!
The voice of earth and all her generations

With thunder song of mountain intonations
Is gathering round thy throne of victory
In intercession for the liberty
 From this bondage of corruption
 Into the glory of the children
Of God. Through Time's strife and agitations,
 Though bound with adamant chain,
 Though crucified and often slain,
All things oft sing with wider echoing tones
For thy millennial earth, millennial sons and thrones.

All things now call and call alone for thee.
Time like an aged sire, wrinkled and white,
But with his rich experiences doth slight
And scorn all panaceas that would free
The social heart from its long leprosy.
 He has seen every generation
 With some sure cure its courses run
Then leave the world with still more deadly blight.
 No age has diagnosis sure
 And if it had, Oh could it cure?
No mortal power regenerates the heart
And all things without this but more disease impart.

The very time's developments of power,
Knowledge and conquest over nature debate
The enfranchisement of man from this weight
Of centenarian ill. Is this endower
For selfish ends? Does it not invite the hour
 Of disestablishment to throne
 Thee over all supreme alone,
In honor, majesty and sovereign state?
 The gifts and powers of heaven above
 Are only safe in hands of love;
In other hands a curse they must untwine
But with thee they are safe and grow still more divine.

The discords of our unredeemed humanity
That strike despair upon all mortal ears
Ascend on high; reaching celestial spheres
There is a change, and a minor harmony
Of life's unlanguage pain is heard by thee.
 Man's passion-blind and erring play
 Are not to thee just what they say.
When thou translatest earthly hopes and fears
 A prayer is oft in guilty deed.
 We know thine eyes with sorrows bleed,

And thou canst hear by sorrow's mystic art
The world's travelling pain as prayers unto thy heart.

Around the iron guarded gate of death
Soon gather those that crowd the portal birth.
Broken, torn and sick and robbed of strength and mirth,
They come to yield up sorrow's burdened breath.
Each generation there this prayer hath solemn saith:

“Oh not for me, Oh not for me,

High kingdom of eternity!

By all I wished but found not here on earth,

By life and ruin, loss and pain,

By my immortal nature slain,

By all thou art and will be in thy day,

For coming generations Oh haste, Oh haste, I pray!”

Thy first descended sons of pure inspire
Whom thou hast sent from thy celestial clime
To hold the faith, and with glad song to chime
The golden age feel thy prophetic fire
Within their hearts. Each gathers the desire

So scattered wide in man and thing,

And unto thee their sorrows sing.

Sing on, Oh poet-priests! Oh be not dumb

Unto this age of strife and gold!

Though they hear not nor ye behold,

With triumphant joy and deathless faith sum

Up the world's travelling cry: “Come, come, Oh kingdom, come!”

“Come, come, Oh long delayed and golden age!
Age of the world's unlanguage deep desire,
Her travelling hope and visions that inspire
Her high, victorious hours! Age that will gage
Itself by the awful curse and darkest page
Of earth's yet unregenerate heart!

Age of the poet's song! Age that art

The embodiment of all the higher

Visioned dreams which the celestial spheres

Have rained on pain and love and tears!

Age of divine purpose, fulness and employ,

From heaven, Oh descend and build on time's destroy!”

“Oh age, bend down and lay thy passioned heart
Upon the nurseless spirit of the earth!
Her long and wintry courses since her birth
Have frozen her forbidding the impart
That glorifies with thy celestial art.

Come! Kiss thy infant and caress,

And with thy warmth her spirit bless!

Thou crimson life! Thou pure maternal birth!

Thou warm divine self-sacrifice!

Oh bid the earth's dead soul arise!

Then through her dense, diseased material frame
Thy all renewing life will burst forth like a flame."

"Touch thou the earth's unemancipated king,

And with the contact of thy immortal heart

Oh disenthral his spirit from the mart

Of selfishness! Oh let his manhood spring

From time's long travailing agonies, and wing

Unto the infinite ideal

Thou dost upon his eyes unseal!

Dethroned, plundered, profaned, enslaved, a part

Of groaning nature, unconscious,

And trampled down by beasts and sense,

His hour of soul enfranchisement be now,

And they investiture upon the morning's brow!"

"Thou hast the full resources for this life;

Thou canst destroy the hoary iniquities

Bequeathed to us by the antiquities

Of crime. Some few leaders of this strife,

Some chiefs, some towers of self, thy lightning knife

Must blast and hurl into the dust

To stay time's swift, contagious lust.

O'er the wide host thy soft benignities

And arching grace from heaven above,

As o'er the sick a mother's love,

Can smother down time's heritage of ill

And nurse out of the earth a race that thou dost fill."

"Thou canst destroy the infernal dogs of war,

And the politics of hell by which their

Course is constant driven. Panic with her bare

And hunger-bitten hordes will fly before,

And poverty be exiled from thy shore.

The brute, the brothel and saloon

Will break for good their long commune

And sink with curse to each infernal lair.

Greed, strife, crime, sorrow and decay,

Ignorance, diseases and dismay,

All, all of sin, of selfishness and blight

Shall fly before thy face as darkness from the light."

"Come thou on earth with thy exhaustless heart!

Thou hast celestial and supremest powers.

Thou hast the azure and immortal dowers

Of sun-giving heaven. Thou hast and art

The spirit pure that in each angel flowers
To splendor, joy and purity.
The nature of divinity
Doth dwell in thee and thou canst it impart.
Sow, sow thy potencies of life,
And from the very heart of strife
Another world with beauty and delight
Will forth from chaos rise toward heaven's golden height."

"Come! Bring the royal institutes of state!
The high, supreme, majestic, honored laws;
And kin to these those reverential awes
Thy youth and age delight to contemplate
As we behold the statues of the great.
Virtue, justice, truth and righteousness
Thy nations shall with splendor dress.
Faith, love, hope, joy, magnanimousness, applause,
Shall be the ornaments of gold
Each brow and heart shall then unfold.
Come, come, Oh state! What business, rule and home
Thy bases shall support, enkindle shall thy dome!"

"As thy institutions are above the past
Bring thou the man that is enthroned on them;
The man who is his throne and diadem,
And in whom the Infinite has glassed
His nature's passions. Oh bring him on the blast
And wreckage of this mortal kind!
Oh immortal heart and mind!
Spirit divine! The world's pinnacle! The gem
Of all creation! Oh mate
Of seraphim! Oh incarnate
Son of God! The hosts of eternity
Are bending from their thrones to look with joy on thee."

"Oh man divine, who would not long for thee!
Thou crowning all art with devotion crowned;
And from devotion's heart riches supreme abound
As blessings from the azure purity.
Thy passions with the white intensity
Of love fills every welcome birth
Of thy uncrowded crowded earth.
Oh how the new created heavens resound
With universal harmony!
One redeemed humanity!
One human brotherhood! One family race!
One many passioned heart that one heart does embrace!"

"Come, come, Oh long delayed and golden age!
Age of all passions, purities and powers!
Age of all ideals and sublimest hours
Of execution! Oh age that will gage
The heightless height and boundless reach that cage.
Themselves in frail humanity!
Oh age of immortality
Which the fountains of the infinite assuage!
Come! Oh rise on time's foundation stones
The splendors of thy everlasting thrones!
Come thou upon the morning's golden pinions
And round the feet of God build thou thy last dominions!"

A DETROIT CITY SONG.

The world with vast cities is builded,
And vaster today than of old.
The domes and the arches were gilded,
But now Life is building with gold.
Though burnished and flashing with splendor
The old or the new on us shine,
To one my allegiance I tender,
"Detroit, Detroit for mine!"
Detroit, Detroit, my Mother!
Detroit, my heart and my home!
Detroiters march on forever
As strong as the nobles of Rome.

Detroit is young, green and growing,
Bright, beautiful, happy and tall;
Her passions that crimson are glowing
The natives and strangers enthral.
Here life at its least is worth living,
And life at its best is divine;
As nature to us we are giving;
"Detroit, Detroit for mine!"
Detroit, Detroit, my Mother! etc.

The twin cities look from their fountains;
There Cleveland is watching in fear;
San Francisco peeps over the mountains,
The East and the South at us peer.
Uncle Sam on the Eagle is riding,
Surveying his cities benign;
He shouts with a swelling and priding:
"Detroit, Detroit for mine!"
Detroit, Detroit, my Mother! etc.

For the city, the state and the nation,

The times and the globe we will live.
Each one in his gift and his station
The best of his best free will give.
All hail to the world in its swinging!
The arts and the ages untwine!
Down through the far future is ringing:
"Detroit, Detroit for mine!"
Detroit, Detroit, my Mother!
Detroit, my heart and my home!
Detroiters march on forever
As strong as the nobles of Rome.

A PITTSBURGH CITY SONG.

My city grows out of the earth,
Right out of the center of fire,
Right up through the granite-like girth,
Right up to the clouds and still higher.
Old nature has mothered the birth.
Original element sire
The city, the man and his mirth
And spirits that glowing inspire.
Pittsburghers are born in the fire;
Are nursed with the strength of desire;
Are forged in the furnaces white,
Trained, girded, and armoured with might.
Old earth on us stampeth her seal,
Pittsburghers, the workers of steel.

Here Nature her furnaces feed,
Blasts roaring and masses of coal;
Iron mountains go into their greed,
Rivers molten and glowing they roll.
Did Vulcan e'er have such a breed,
Muscle body and more muscled soul?
That ingot the furnace has freed
A man makes or takes as its toll.
Pittsburghers are singing the song
Of the wise, the skilled and the strong,
The first of the elements, fire,
Feeds us from the mother and sire.
Old earth on us stampeth her seal,
Pittsburghers, the workers of steel.

The smoke shadows darken our day;
Flame splendors leap up through the night;

Great anvils and hammers all play
And rolling mills groan in their might.
Plate, eyebeam, rail, girder and stay,
For mine, mountain, sea, city, height,
To build the great world on its way
We work and we sing with delight.
Pittsburghers are greater than kings
And shame the high splendor that clings.
From ores of the earth we create
The basis of man and of state.
Old earth on us stampeth her seal.
Pittsburghers, the workers of steel.

Here Life with another world plan
Thinks far for the ages before;
The blue prints, the means and the man
From the elements glowing doth pour.
A ruling and world building clan
Of steel, its strength, structure and lore,
Foundations and turret all scan,
We are and shall be evermore.
Pittsburghers stand up in the years,
The masters of time and her peers.
We build a new world and new hour
With forces and structures of power.
Old earth on us stampeth her seal,
Pittsburghers, the workers of steel.

NEW YORK CITY SONG.

Oh where are the cities of splendor,
The ancient and modern fames?
Eclipsed is the glory they tender
As paleth the sun-dying flames.
Though Rome, Athens, London and Paris
Are stately in royalest robes,
New York is the queen of the future
And ruleth the course of the globes
New York crowns the world and her stations.
Her name doth my passions uncork.
Of all the great cities and nations,
Forever, forever New York!

Here life floweth down like a river,
With mountain-fed torrent and strong;
We take the great strength of the giver,
Shout, shout with the gladness of song.

We march with the march of ages;
Drink, drink of the mother's young life.
To the fiercest front battle that rages,
Rush, rush to partake of the strife.
New York crowns the world and her stations, etc.

Here, here are Life's greatest creations,
Great men and their doings sublime.
Men stand on their granite foundations
As strong as the world in her prime.
Here exploit, wealth, honor and vision,
The man all men hunger to be,
In thousands march singing derision
On all but the man strong and free.
New York crowns the world and her stations, etc.

The world in its passions and glories
Is rising in splendor divine.
The spirit of Life with her stories
Is writing a sun-glowing line.
Though greater and sweeping the courses
The world and the nations shall live,
To the form and the fire and the forces
My city its measures will give.
New York crowns the world and her stations.
Her name doth my passions uncork.
Of all the great cities and nations,
Forever, forever New York!

A WASHINGTON CITY SONG.

Oh Washington, city of splendor,
Enthroned on the height of a sphere!
The world and the nations all tender
Their honor, allegiance and fear.
A queen of a glorious nation,
The mother of states and of men,
Eclipsed is the pomp of high station
And all our ripe passions unpen.
A thousand great cities surround thee;
They guard and together they call:
"Oh Washington, Queen we have crowned thee,
The Queen of the earth and us all!"

Thy domes and thy arches are golden
And flashes thy structures and piles;

A city we mortals beholden
When morning bursts on us with smiles.
From coast unto coast all behold thee,
Great songs from the nation untwine,
What loyal allegiance doth fold thee,
Oh city of splendor divine?
A thousand great cities surround thee, etc.

Thy men are like breeds of immortals,
Thy senate and congressmen great
Stand tall in thy wide arching portals
Like pillars supporting the state.
Thy presidents mantled with glory
Eclipse the old world and her kings,
They live like the heroes of story
And each his high spirit out-flings.
A thousand great cities surround thee, etc.

And I am thy child, Oh my mother,
A royal born heir of the race!
Thy passions upon me uncover
And smile in the light on thy face.
Applause shall be louder than thunder;
My service be faithful and strong;
My allegiance no changes shall sunder;
But grow like the life of a song.
A thousand great cities surround thee;
They guard and together they call:
"Oh Washington, Queen we have crowned thee,
The Queen of the earth and us all!"

A CINCINNATI CITY SONG.

Cincinnati! Cincinnati!
'Tis magic but to mention
My city's name, and passion ripe
Doth wind me up with tension.
My Spirit rises to the sound
As man when war is ringing;
At times there is a mighty bound,
A new man forward springing.
Old Cincinnatus was a man
All men delight to see.
Above the city sketch the plan
That all his sons should be.
We'll lift our ken. We'll be the men
And face the foe as he did then.

Contented in high peaceful ways
In industry we labor;
Fill, fill the years with golden days
And friendships with each neighbor.
Be past, be past, forever past
The old ways of the fighter!
But if we must we'll rise up fast
And grasp the sword still tighter.
Old Cincinnatus was a man, etc.

Above our heads the towering hills,
Around our feet the river,
Old nature like a fountain fills
And fills us like a giver.
We're conscious of the powers of life,
Reign and direct our forces.
We battle in the world of strife
For higher future courses.
Old Cincinnatus was a man, etc.

Cincinnati! Cincinnati!
My city, home and glory!
Thy life in me is flowing free
And feeding deed and story.
As Rome the hero often saw
With rising fire and passion,
Thou art my law and doth me draw,
Feed, fire and noble fashion.
Old Cincinnatus was a man
All men delight to see.
Above the city sketch the plan
That all his sons should be.
We'll lift our ken. We'll be the men,
And face the foe as he did then.

A CHICAGO CITY SONG.

Oh City, the heart of the nation!
Full, bounding and bursting with life!
Old nature, the globe and creation
In thee pump their measures most rife.
Both crimson and white is the passion
That circles and rushes and springs.
With mountain-like freedom and fashion
Each son and each daughter now sings:

Chicago, the heart of the nation!
Chicago within me doth flow!
Oh Spirit of life and elation,
Flow through me and feed me with "Go!"

Strong, windy and rushing and glowing
Thy pulses are beating like fire.
The masses so surging and flowing
Are drinking the morning's inspire.
As high as the skies thou art standing;
As strong as the earth is thy feet;
Thy voice and thy arm are commanding;
"All forward, all forward, repeat!"
Chicago, the heart of the nation! etc.

Thy sons are like giants of morning;
Thy daughters like queens of the throne;
Thy children with heaven's adorning,
Not heaven itself dare disown.
Through the length and breadth of our borders
Or round the vast globe as we go,
The form, features, pride and high orders
The Mother within us doth show.
Chicago, the heart of the nation! etc.

Sublime are the future's bright courses;
The world is created anew;
But the form and the fire and the forces
The mother first gives to her true.
All hail to the heart and its passions!
Hail, hail to the ages! we throw.
Chicago her children high fashions,
High fashions and feeds them with "Go!"
Chicago, the heart of the nation!
Chicago within me doth flow!
Oh Spirit of life and elation,
Flow through me and feed me with "Go!"

THE BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

All hail to the fire and the bellows strong,
To the anvil-face and -horn,
The bull-hide apron, tub, hammer and tongs
And the forgings to be born!
Give, give me the iron! Give, give me the plan!
Stand back and out of my way!
For this hand has fed and old nature bred
The strength and the skill of day.

Strike the anvil! Give it a ring!
Life loves the oldest lyre.
Around the world the echoes fling
Of man and glowing fire.
As I the mass to heating bring
Life heat and shape me higher!

In India old and in Greece and Rome,
All down through the ages past,
And in every land o'er the seas that foam
I have forged and welded fast.
With developing time I have stepped in rhyme
And forged as the thinker planned;
Built another fire and enlarged my tire
Like an all-round first-class hand.
I face all men, a first line man;
Both born and bred on fire.
Black as the coal, fresh as the fan,
An element, strength, desire.
As I the mass forge to the plan
Life beat and shape me higher!

Wagon, horse and plow and all I have dressed
For the agricultural man.
The armor and arms and the swords I blest
For the rare old soldier clan.
I have forged the bones for the vast machines
These moderns bring to birth.
With the strength of storm I have hammered form
Round the old back-bone of earth.
Let me live at a welding heat!
Heap up the blast and fire!
The passions white from head to feet,
Feed, thrill me and inspire!
As strength and skill their fullness beat
Life strike and shape me higher!

I have seen all trades, all the crafts and arts,
But would choose again my own.
I have gathered life undreamed by the marts
From life in the forgings thrown.
I am straight and strong and can sing the song
That old Tubal Cain begun.
My old hammer rings and the anvil sings
For my best I've always done.

Lift the hammer! Give her a ring!
Life loves the oldest lyre.
Oh beat it out! The echoes sing;
It feeds me like inspire.
As down the mass I finished fling
Life shapes me high and higher.

THE ELECTRICIAN'S SONG.

Science came. She gave the order:
"Oh create another clan!
Earth renew from base to border!
Bring a new and conquering man!"
Brainy, muscled, motored, breasted,
Bearing blue prints of her plan,
Came a son of Science crested
With a promise Life did scan.
Electricians, great magicians,
Magic with mysterious powers!
Poets, painters and musicians
Envy us our high endowers.
Vital, flowing, passioned, glowing,
Light dispensing, power bestowing,
On Life's front rank we are going.

We have tapped old nature's sources,
Brought above earth's central fires;
Harnessed fierce, rebellious forces,
Chained them down to flow in wires.
Nature's reservoirs are breaking;
Man has need and vast desires;
We have bridged the chasm, taking
Light and power that life requires.
Electricians, great magicians, etc.

Night we make to blaze with splendor;
Day is fed with huge delight,
Ancient secrets wealth surrender,
Man and beast are armed with might.
Wire and wireless new creations
We are bringing to man's sight.
Life is throned Queen of the nations
In electric robes of light.
Electricians, great magicians, etc.

Batteries, switches, currents, voltage,
And a world of tangled wires.
Light and power like heaven's boltage,

Strong or soft as need requires.
Time's old forms are new created,
Earth is drunk with high inspires,
Life with her ideal is mated,
Man is fed electric fires.
Electricians, great magicians, etc.

We have hopes and dreams diviner
For old earth and time and man.
Science, our high chief designer,
Strikes each day a bolder plan.
Yonder shines the future's portal,
It invites a better clan.
Electric science, wise, immortal,
Still the world will onward van.
Electricians, great magicians,
Magic with mysterious powers!
Poets, painters and musicians
Envy us our high endowers.
Vital, flowing, passionate, glowing,
Light dispensing, power bestowing,
On Life's front rank we are going.

THE LABORER'S SONG.

By all the gods that man has guessed,
His curse endowered devils,
Angels and men and heaven blest,
All hell in insane revels;
Was ever such a life for man
Created or intended?
It found its place within the plan
When fierce asunder rendered.
Gods, angels, men, Oh who could dwell
In such a lot and kin it?
The worst, wild devil of all hell
Would bear it just a minute.
What judgment from high heaven fell
To doom and damn me in it?

The mud and scum and dross of life,
I'm but a beast of burden.
The heavy world and all its strife
Upon my back is girden.
My granite strength is quickly broke,
My spirit bleeding, bleeding;
Life binds me with a raw-toothed yoke

And on my life is feeding.

Gods, angels, men, Oh who could dwell, etc.

For just a rag and crust of bread

I pay the morning's passion.

I'm double bowed and hang my head

As out of human fashion.

I'm twisted, battered, warped and torn,

Cold, hungry, naked, hated;

The burdened base, the butt of scorn,

By life and death both baited.

Gods, angels, men, Oh who could dwell, etc.

In ditches, gutter, sewer and slime,

In every place of danger,

I'm driven like a Cain of crime

And kicked as like a stranger.

When pushed before the accident

With fearful, fearful mangle,

Life's millionaires loan not a cent,

But wife and children strangle.

Gods, angels, men, Oh who could dwell, etc.

I'm one of the incompetents

Where failure sets her seal;

But 'tween me and success immense

Was just an honest deal.

What wonder in the killing strife

Of life in insane revels

We hear wild screams as from a fife

Like blasphemy of devils?

Gods, angels, men, Oh who could dwell

In such a lot and kin it?

The worst wild devil of all hell

Would bear it just a minute.

What judgment from high heaven fell

To doom and damn me in it?

THE AVIATOR'S SONG.

The spirit of men through the ages dreamed

To mount up the azure skies,

But was chained and sighed as the heavens seemed

To invite him to arise.

When at length I came a machine I wrought,

A crude and a clumsy frame;

But I mounted up and the way was taught,

And ambition fed with flame.

Man was made for mounting, flying;
Life was made for daring, trying;
Strength and hope and dream are crying;
"Cease, oh cease, oh cease your sighing!
We are flying, flying, flying
In the azure rich supplying
Life and rapture worth thy buying."

I mount to the sky and on mighty wings
Scorn the bondage-chains of earth.
On the heightless heights with celestial things
Find another man has birth.
Like a cloud of fire in the golden light
I sail in my frail machine,
Drinking deep delight and the vital might
That the spirit sharpens keen.
I am mounting up and winging,
Life is ever upward springing.
To my brothers earthward clinging
Inspirations I am flinging.
Mount, Oh mount! The dangers stinging
Are the culture for the bringing
Man unto his crown and kinging.

I can circle round and in spirals rise,
I can dive, remount and pause,
But abhor all tricks for the bulging eyes,
And obey great nature's laws.
The spirit of life far above the strife,
O'er rivers and vales and plains,
'Bove the mountain peaks as a pilot seeks
New paths in the new domains.
I've but lately started flying,
Just beginning, merely trying,
Finding, testing out and buying
Nature's secrets from all eyeing.
They are coming. Life is crying:
"Let us mount! I'm nearly dying
For real flying, flying, flying."

I dream of the day when my fair machine
Shall be wings instead of sails,
And bound on my frame like the magic things
Of the rich, enchanting tales.
But to sails or wings how my passion springs
To mount to the summits high!
From earth to the stars past the solar bars
I can feel my spirits fly.

I am soaring, circling, winging;
Life is balanced, poised and swinging.
Other sailors pass me singing,
Each on each new dreams are flinging.
I my course am just beginning;
Science, power and skill is bringing
For my soaring, circling, swinging.

WOMAN'S CIVIC SONG.

Nature's rich, eternal passion
Ever new creates the earth;
She is rising with a fashion
That she never dreamed at birth.
Life is more and more immortal;
Great ideals on us be.
From the morning's golden portal
A new message flyeth free:
Give the woman life's best honor,
Just with man to equal stand.
Is man's load of life upon her?
Give the franchise to her hand.

'Tis the message of the morning.
Nature's ripest passion cries
Through her science, gifts, adorning,
For the woman best to rise.
Let all liberty unfold her!
Why should man deny her right?
Why should state and law so hold her
When they blot her from their sight?
Give the woman life's best honor,
Just with man to equal stand.
Is man's load of life upon her?
Give the franchise to her hand.

She has mothered up the nations;
Ever smothered down the curse;
Men and deeds that crown the stations
Are the rhymings of her verse.
Can the nature change its glory
If the right repeals the wrong?
Usher in the larger story
Of the woman's civic song!
Give the woman life's best honor,
Just with man to equal stand.
Is man's load of life upon her?
Give the franchise to her hand.

Life on her triumphant marches
Cannot with unequals go;
Those high pillared golden arches
Welcome but to equals throw.
Man himself himself unknightens
When denying woman's right;
Man and woman blessing brightens
When the law lifts off the blight.
Give the woman life's best honor,
Just with man to equal stand.
Is man's load of life upon her?
Give the franchise to her hand.

VOTE AND NO-VOTE.

Some twenty million years ago
The god of evolution
The elements of life threw in
For gradual resolution.
Eonic ages circled round
With biologic tales,
Now these eternal feminines
And more eternal males.

Then Life arose with interest keen
And looked upon the world;
A cosmos in the chaos built,
But tempest stormed and hurled.
She now and then the final truth
With strokes of golden light
Upon the barren walls of time
Did thus in splendor write:

"Man is the mold, the fashioned form,
The god-like incarnation
Of all the elemental powers
And movements of creation.
The passions of pulsating earth
Of planet and of sun,
Into him flow and feed him full
And round his being run."

"The currents of the ages past,
Like mighty tides that rise,
Are gathered up and focussed here
And swelling out in size.

The infinite momentums and
The solar cosmic sweep
Of this vast universe of power
Into his being leap."

"He's loaded up with passion;
He overflows with power;
He's engined with all energies;
He's bulwarked like a tower;
He is driven with electrical
Infinites of life;
More a chaos than a cosmos,
In elemental strife."

"The first and last and surest mark
Of man is vital force;
Un-broken, -bridled, savage, fierce,
It wrecks him on his course.
So strong are his rough elements
He does not know his power,
But blinded by his blinded strength
He doth himself devour."

"All, all along the mighty course
The evolution keeps
Are battle fields and broken swords
And skeletons in heaps.
Old earth renews his giant strength
And armors him with life
Till he almost seems demented
Or created for the strife."

"I love the great and on the man
My eyes would often feast
Although I often spit on him
As but a glorious beast.
As selfish as the very brute
And sensual to the core
He never dreamed unselfishness
And love he trampled o'er."

"So when the moral elements
Within him came to birth
I felt a sudden thrill of joy
That never leaped from earth.
I held my breath and focussed sight
And searched the cause profound,
And then the other half of man,
The woman first I found."

"The day man finds a man he finds
A larger, nobler self;
The day that finds a woman
Finds a solid globe of wealth;
The only wealth that man doth need,
The wealth that makes him great
That thrones him on a manhood throne
And kings him with estate."

"Deep in the fairer, finer form,
On which his strength did prey
The higher germs of life had birth
And sprang forth to the day.
Out of the mother's passion'd pains
The sacrifices came
That struck the mighty, selfish brute
And brought him forth to shame."

"Out of her rich maternal heart
His poor paternal grew;
She bound the family, then the tribe,
And he the virtues drew.
Great nature's passion grew and burst
Into the flower of life,
And man the beauty saw and smiled
And rose above the strife."

"The sacrifice intensifies
The function and the power;
The higher virtues blossomed forth
Out of the mother's dower;
The purer moral germs of life,
Law, justice, truth and right,
Were offspring of the mother's heart
Though man did lend them might."

"She mothered forth the first ideals,
She nursed them from the beast;
She is the life that gave the life
To poet, prophet, priest.
Before, behind, or close beside
To every man that's great
Some woman in the shadow stands
And lends him his estate."

"In her divine and higher sense
Religions have their force

And draw their latest breath of life
From whence they drew their source.
Music, romance and poetry
With high immortal pine
Find closest kindred in her heart
And grow toward the divine."

"But weigh them as you weigh the beasts,
The flesh against the flesh,
Down, down he goes, the heavyweight
With pride and strength afresh.
But weigh them as you spirits weigh,
The soul against the soul,
It is the fine gold to the dross,
An angel to a mole."

"Although man crowns the latest age
He's tall and straight and clean,
High guided to his destiny
By polar souls unseen.
The home and wife and daughters fair
Doth send him forth each morn,
And by these higher souls of life
He new each day is born."

"Yet something of the brute he was
Unto and round him clings;
The primal selfishness of strife
Still upward in him springs.
She's recognized, he gives his best;
But nail it up and note;
To every brute and fool the right,
But woman should not vote."

"Soon my indignant wrath now fierce
Will take him by the throat,
Against the wall, into him teeth
Shall teach him who should vote.
His selfish strength has been a curse,
Her love has been a hope,
And though he crowns the world 'tis she
Who leads him up the slope."

THE SONG OF THE SOCIALIST.

Oh World and Time and Life—Spirits of Birth
And Growth and Death—ye Seasons and Successions—
Man, Thought and Dream—State, Church and Law and Worth—

All ye that hold the globe as your possessions—
Black Night enthroned upon the old oppressions—
Selfishness and Strife—Satiety and Blight—
Crime, Poverty, Diseases and Transgressions—
All fearful forms and ministers of night;
And thou, great Labor, still groaning for redressions,
A world-sustaining Atlas in thy might,
Now listen to the song one of thy sons recite.

Behold the world! The history of mankind
The history is of this revolving globe.
Would'st thou arise unto thy largest mind,
Rend thou the mummy's musty winding robe,
With science wise the spirit pierce and probe
And then thyself. The mighty generations
Of great biologies in every lobe
Of the young earth long teemed with their creations.
Time and again she travailed and did re-robe
In fairer forms and higher dominations,
Blind creeping up the steep but crownless in her stations.

At length our shape, a fierce and savage beast,
But in his breast the parent's saving grace;
He battled for the offspring to him leased
And in some incandescent hour intense
The powers of thought sprang up to his defense,
Contagious fire lighted the lightless brain,
And from his eyes looked high intelligence,
Language was born; on the immortal strain
Slow grew the forms of man's omnipotence.
After long ages, great struggles and sharp pain
The man stood forth in view and prophesied to reign.

Slow, slow, slow, the progress of the eons!
The present hour is mortgaged to the past.
Foreclosure oft was when the mighty paeons
Would trumpet hope unto the flying blast.
Slow, slow, slow, was great Reason's magic cast
Upon the wild and warring tribes of men.
The social institutions grew fixed and fast
As law and right grew out of fog and fen.
The state and church with nations round them massed,
And poets with their chisel, brush and pen
Virtue and splendor raised on man's astonished ken.

After a hundred thousand years of man
He has climbed up the summit of the sphere.

Now science with a vaster sweeping plan
Rebuilds the world, maps out a new career,
Points and impels to conquest each compeer
Of life and time. Man answers the inspire.
Visions arise. He conquers mount and mere
And still leaps forth ambitious with desire.
Another age strikes both the eye and ear.
Man mounts on high; he scatters life and fire
And with his science strikes the world as like a lyre.

When on the hour we lift the past extreme
We render forth great rivers of glad song;
But in the strain discordant echoes teem
For life and time are yet instinct with wrong.
Achievement stands upon the mountains strong,
Gathers the light, spreads sunshine on the plain,
Flings far the airs that to great deeds belong,
While far below earth is in travailing pain.
The unthought, unsought, untaught, mighty throng
Awake and hear the social prophet's strain,
Is caught up in the trance and follow in his train.

And is it strange? This dragon whelping den
Where man and beast huddled in cave and lair
Today delights the first arch-angel's ken,
And heaven's transcendental splendors doth wear
As like a robe, and man's ambitions dare
To sail the azure skies. Cities with hosts
Of steel girt piles and granite structures fair
Adorn the mountains, the rivers, plains and coasts;
Ships, railroads, towers, tunnels and bridges rare,
As colleges and temples are our boasts,
And genius sends afar her trumpet pealing posts.

Earth's loaded down, she staggers with possession,
Groaning to bear the burdened weight of gold.
Her treasures held and heaped by long succession,
Surprise the dreams that selfishness behold.
Science and her experiments have told
The secrets that have multiplied all wealth.
Hundreds, thousands, sometimes a million fold.
Nature, so like a prodigal in health,
Doth open wide the treasures stored from old.
Earth teems with stores; she's loaded down with pelf;
So wealthy now, is life she scarce can find herself.

This world of wealth is selfish to the core;
Its only end increase in gold and power;

With hunger infinite it cries for more
And gloating eyes and hands stretch from her tower.
The splendor and achievement of the hour
Seems inconceivable allied to greed
That on the race can turn and fierce devour.
But history scan; humanity doth bleed;
The few are strong; the middlings weakly cower;
The masses vast forever suffer need
And from their daily want wealth wealth herself doth feed.

Nature and her resource and forces vast
Are claimed by those who dare appropriate.
Yes, man and his mechanic genius vast
Are chattels mere to one small, high estate.
The myriad multitudes that emulate
Our numbers are plundered and robbed of rights
Common to all humanity. Debate
The case; nature's supplies, these kindred sprites,
All dispossessed by few, the strong and great
Exploiting common heritage, the heights
Beating the masses down in endless, endless fights.

The strife of greed has beaten down mankind
As strong and rich beat down the poor and meek;
But the evolutions now and then unbind
Great souls and powers who strong befriend the weak.
These modern days with life's piercing critique
Have fed the masses reason, strength and ire.
He rises up. Why should he cringe and creak?
He views the world. The visions in him sire
The passions fierce that soon or late will speak.
He's born. He's fed. He's growing with desire.
Another creed and deed are shaping in the fire.

The high philosophies of social life
Are being born and fed within that mass.
The whence, the wherefore and whither of this strife
Great suffering is teaching to her class.
Into those minds life's great conceptions pass
That kindle with contagious life and fire
The sacred dreams millennial ages glass.
He sees, he thinks, he feels all things require
Some social change to break the iron and brass
Upon humanity. The prophet's lyre
Unto him sings the songs of the world's long, long desire.

He hears great songs, and bursting through the discords
Of society, and making them still worse,
He feels the mighty measures that the lords
Of life and love as prophecy unpurse
From their high summits of the universe.
Across the blackened, blighted, blasted earth
The visions sail that doth forever nurse
The immortal to answer to its worth.
Great songs of life on this chaotic curse,
Dreams, truths and words of sacred, solemn mirth,
Fill eye and ear till hope comes to diviner birth.

“Right! Social Right! Justice and social Right!”
The prophets shout around the modern earth.
Their trumpets with omnipotential might
New passion wakes like a predestined birth.
“Right! Social Right!” Right whose transcendent worth
Restrains, impels and binds all to obey;
That has within its soul the depth and dearth
Around life’s base; that multitudes can sway
And shake the globe unto its farthest girth.
Right, social right, and dawn of another day
Is bursting on the earth that staggers on her way.

“Right! Social Right!” The earth-awaking sound
Breaks in loud peals o’er city, plain and tower.
The vast reverberations now have found
Great echoes from the man all things devour.
“Right! Social Right!” The high creating hour
Renews the world and finds another right
Omnipotent in high appealing power,
Dynamical with deep inherent might.
’Tis a vital sound. The very words endower
The mass with life and draws them to the height
Of that ripe consciousness where all men firm unite.

“Right! Social Right!” A rolling, mighty blast
With earthquake and volcanic thunder sound
Circles the globe; the systems stand aghast
With fear and fearful premonitions bound.
Oh trumpet out, around and round and round:
“There must be change, repression and revision
Before the man these modern days have found.
There must be change, progress and re-division
Unto the mass forever ground and ground.
There must be change. The fates decree decision.
Woe, woe unto the powers that treat it with derision!”

Shall this organic, universal man,
Emancipated, and in his manhood's dress,
Shall he the world build to the larger plan,
Then suffer hunger, chains, prison, bitterness,
That just a few fond fortune may caress?
"No! No!" Heaven and earth are shouting "No!"
With passion, emphasis, burden and impress,
As they behold him kindled, fierce, aglow.
Be wise! Reform! Consider man! Progress!
Time's rebellions and revolutions show
The commons can the crowns down from the summits throw.

Shall this old democrat that did dethrone
The kings and nobles of the ancient world,
Shall he unshorn, as a Colussus grown,
His independence and freedom flag unfurled,
At any feet, system or power be curled?
By all the gods! Hell's "damn" or heaven's "bless!"
The earth ere he shall out of place be hurled.
Be wise! Reform! Consider man! Progress!
The system is and ought to be imperiled!
The masses vast it slaves in hopelessness
And they will soon or late it shatter to excess.

Behold the world! See multitudinous man
As millioned as the sands beside the sea;
He cometh forth; he doth the whole world scan;
The air alone without a price is free,
And even this were fenced if it could be.
Life is for sale, and the ever rising price
Scarcely can pay inherited poverty.
Is it strange the outcasts from paradise
Stand at the gates? Far stranger not to see
Life's lots are cast by some loaded device
That makes a few the priests, millions the sacrifice.

We rise as hordes out of prolific earth .
The race fertility never, never fails.
We are the crop that always comes to birth
Whatever blight or barrenness assails.
We are ashamed and often grief prevails,
So numberless, unwelcomed by the times
And weighted down as poverty entails.
But here we are; great numbers are not crimes.
Before, behind are dark and figured veils,
And round the strife and toil that grinds and grimes;
And loud, Oh loud we hear the old ancestral rhymes!

We come to life and early in our teens,
And hosts before, are into slavery sold.
The child's first right, home, school and nature's greens,
And being's hope unto the god of gold
Is given up for what his mouth can hold.
We're sold, we're slaved, harnessed and fetter-bound,
And spirit-broke unto the customs old.
Just like the beasts we're driven round and round
For crust and clothes, oft hungry, naked, cold.
"Toil, toil Oh brute! Toil on machine-like hound!
Toil on, Oh thoughtless beast!" is all that we have found.

An ever growing army of wage slaves
Every morning we are marched unto the mills.
The vast machine forever grinds and raves
And in its hunger like a monster kills.
The plumbed-up strength so like the iron hills—
Courage and front that dares the lightning freed—
Wine-like passion that being thrills and thrills—
Joys, hopes and dreams and youth's exalted creed—
Beauty's beloved—Life's sons upon her sills—
We're fuel, we're fuel, just fuel to feed the greed
That but destroys itself as on us it doth feed!

There seems a scientific and infernal
Ingenuity in force to torture gain
Out of humanity, and our diurnal
Course is high-pressured, tensioned, on the strain,
Driven and horsed by scorpion whips of pain.
Like ore we're fed into the furnace white;
Their hoppers deep we fill them as with grain;
Hydraulic presses catch us in their might,
And squeezed and squeezed the wine of life we rain:
The clotted, gloated, ghastly things to sight
The more their maw is fed more craves their appetite.

And thou, Oh Panic! Thou nightmare dream
Of labor! 'Thou merciless, incarnated scourge
From whom we fly with terror! Thou form
Of hungry haggardness whose passions urge
Thee through the mass with midnight's stormy surge!
Thou human, driven to insanity,
Demon-ridden, rasping the gathering dirge
Of man to man's inhuman inhumanity!
Oh tortured, twisted shape where must converge
Deformity, destruction and profanity,
Birth of destroying strife, blindness and man's inanity!

Thou birth of greed, abortion of the strife,
Great modern goddess, a fearful retribution
Upon this blind and wide divided life
That cannot find in union its solution!
Position, power, privilege and execution
See thee and feast upon their bulwarked thrones;
And we, we the beasts that wrought this rich profusion,
Our throats are dry, dry with our groans and groans,
Our famished frames are racked by destitution,
Our wives and children more torture us with moans;
The world loaded with wealth and not one loaf she loans.

Shall thus toil on the world sustaining masses?
Shall they be caught within the mighty crash,
Be fixed and chained within these narrow passes
Where mountain powers upon each other dash?
Shall they thus die under great hunger's lash?
Asunder torn upon the fierce machine?
Wander around, bleeding from many a gash?
Tattered and pinched, famished and pale and lean?
Shall he on his own spirit gnash and gnash
As being tortured by a fiend unseen,
Fall down upon the day, be shovelled out unclean?

Shall he thus live, suffer and final die,
And all the world be loaded down with wealth?
Shall he behold this history in his eye
And all the spoil for which he gave his health
Held by a few tyrannic lords of pelf?
By all the gods of heaven, earth and hell,
By blessing or damnation on himself,
There must be change! Some system man must spell
Of restitution from this unrighteous stealth.
Earth's mighty passions heat, a subterranean knell,
And fragmentary worlds in strangest orbits dwell.

As labor grows more wise and discontented
So wealth grows richer, more powerful and profane.
The mass and rights are insolent resented
And even now some for resistance slain.
It seems infernal powers upon them reign
So that the class unto their curse is given.
Money-mad, most money-mad possessed, this train
They drive to death and far more they are driven.
The genius of that hammer beating brain
Is that the world unto its gold riven,
The masses vast of life for piles of wealth be shriven.

We see around us closing every day
The iron nets monopoly doth cast;
We laugh and sing and dance upon our way
While feet and hands and neck are fettered fast.
Beneath and round, before and from the past
The shackles sure are growing on us tight.
Here pulled, there pushed, now thrust, then urged, thou hast
Been oft held up and robbed, and from the height
Been beaten down. The under currents vast
Bear far away man's individual right,
We're up against the "trusts" and must lie down or fight.

The "interests" by their natures must combine,
For nature old is mapping out the course;
Her prophecies and blue-prints of design
Are in their hands and drives them on with force,
A vast momentum from the primal source,
Great science and her wisest impartations,
Experiments experience doth endorse,
Efficiency of large administrations,
Immense production with its divorce
Of loss and waste and killing isolations,
Map, make and force the laws of growing combinations.

Behold them now! Like Olympic gods divine
They sit and rule, mark, crush, absorb, unite,
And all the world is coming into line;
Cities, states and nations are in plight,
Bound round and round by their strong armed might.
"Interests consolidate" they nod, and more
Competitors shake hands and cease to fight.
The very world from circumference to core
Is in their spreading, spider fingers tight.
The "trusts" hold earth, men, means and life in store;
The masses only left, strength, thought and suffering lore.

Combination is yet but partial grown
But see her there, right up against the state,
Aggressive as a tyrant on his throne,
And gathering strength as we cringe and debate.
Tall, defiant, resourceful, patient, great,
Almost a match for nations in her powers,
She's bound to grow, for the very times create
Necessity, gives life and high endowers.
The "trusts" will more and more consolidate;
Small enterprise must die as doth the hours;
Financial socialism swift saves or fierce devours.

Life's high philosophies the "trust" confirms;
New social creeds it doth elucidate.
Their policies are wisest wisdom's terms
To man, nature's hint to incorporate
The narrower good into the wider state.
When socialists of wealth unite their powers
How could men fail the doctrine to create
And their own slogan hurl at the golden towers?
"Unite all men! All men participate!"
Should be our counter-song unto the hours.
All men must meet the sphinx, destroy or she devours.

The world was made to nourish all mankind.
If not for this, let man now make it law,
And by the God within the heart and mind
Far publish it with life's most solemn awe.
'Tis blasphemy, thought's abortion, hell's raw
And rank deformity to even dream
The earth was made to feed the crying maw
Of just a few. Let sun-like reason stream
Upon the strife of fiercest tooth and claw!
"Each for the all; all for the each" will seem
A doctrine like a God above the worlds supreme.

Oh where did life this selfishness first find?
Are cannibals the standards of our law?
Can savage codes and monsters fierce and blind
Command the heart and intellectual awe?
Should humanity not outgrow its maw,
And Life, out of the philosophic mind
And travailing years, her largest measures draw?
Should not this scientific age rewind
Life's armatures and refine dynamics raw?
All transgressors whom selfishness makes blind
Should Life's first truth be taught that man should serve his kind.

Should not the all be owners of the earth?
Should not the stores within her bosom blest
Sustain the all with shelter, food and mirth?
Nations should own and by her agents best
Exploit the earth. They should become possessed
Of giant "trusts" and her bureaus should trade
Commodities on which the people rest;
Shelter, clothes and coal, meat and drink be made
A civic care, a burden and behest;
The people own, administer, be paid,
As goods and common good and wisest lore shall aid.

The greatest problem of the greatest age
Is to convert this murderous, antithetic
Competition with its insanest rage
Into some noble scheme of life magnetic,
Uniting all in sane and sympathetic
Action. He is the blindest of the blind
Who cannot see this ever gives emetic
To fiercest hell to spew on earth her kind.
He is a crime to all the powers prophetic
Who dares not think, who will not seek and find
Another social scheme that all men's interest bind.

It is socialism or suicide.
Humanity is face to face with fate.
No society of cannibals can bide;
Consuming beasts themselves annihilate.
Men must unite. Life must arise and mate
The new ideal or else descend the deep.
Devouring beasts she must now subjugate
Or to the wolves become a herd of sheep.
A body to the dream she must create
And on time's height a golden harvest reap
Or plunge in bloody strife with dead in many a heap.

It is socialism or suicide.
Humanity is face to face with fate.
The creed contagious spreading far and wide
Changes the man who changes soon the state.
The dream commands the dreamer to create
For her the forms of corresponding sense
And nerves him up to never hesitate
Before the powers that arm for their defense,
This competition, but let it go its gait;
Look down the ages! Volcanic passions tense
With blood and fire and death make battle fields immense.

It is socialism or suicide.
Humanity is face to face with fate.
Behold how Labor and Capital collide!
Are these the protests that formerly did wait
Upon the lords that spurned them from the gate?
Strikes now are Nature's great organic soul,
Earth's elemental, outraged powers elate
With hope shaking the globe from pole to pole.
Cities groan, nations tremble, the world feels fate
Upon it, and the prophets through earth roll.
"Reorganize the state or destruction whelms the whole."

It is socialism or suicide.
Humanity is face to face with fate.
Disease and plague and death itself is tied,
And mighty wars of ambition, greed and hate
Are dying out as industry grows great.
Earth's populations every year increase;
Can Competition think to accommodate
The millions vast of universal peace?
And must we not reorganize the state
And write out Life another nobler lease,
To time's old selfishness a gradual certain cease?

It is socialism or suicide.
Humanity is face to face with fate.
A spirit new doth destiny provide;
Choose which ye will! The future now must mate
An anarchic or high fraternal state.
Shall Life lie down beneath these usurpations
Or the expropriators expropriate?
Shall we destroy these vast administrations
Or make the state a new directorate?
Shall high and low make new incorporations
And mount life's highest plane with golden inspirations?

It is socialism or suicide
Humanity is face to face with fate.
Choose thou thy death, with selfishness abide,
Or will thy life; all men as brothers mate.
'Tis up to us. Why should we more debate?
Failure is stamped upon the old solutions.
Some soul divine opens life's golden gate.
Pass on, Oh Life! Millennial institutions
Await thy coming. Oh never, never hate
The noblest creeds. Old nature's evolutions
For consummation needs the mind's best contributions.

The evolution spirit is in pain;
Democracy is coming from its throes
And growing strong with both defeat and gain.
Democracy to its ancestral foes
Delivers and delivers staggering blows.
"Democracy in industry" it cries,
"Away, away all diplomatic shows!
Unite, unite all human blood and ties!
Democracy in politics soon goes
Unless industrial democracies arise.
The issue square is set. Oh look it in the eyes!"

Should not the state, the multitudinous man,
The gathered up and incarnated life
Of this vast host now take a nobler plan,
And like a granite figure in the strife
Directing stand and make the changes rife
With promises for all? Should not the state
Lift in his hand a lightning flashing knife
And swift dissolve the fetters of that fate
That binds the masses? Should not the state re-wife,
Divorcing the harlot "interests" as his mate,
And with humanity climb up life's high estate?

Cannot the state manage an enterprise?
Is Uncle Sam a man of common scope?
Shall capital and labor problems rise
And he them shun when dared with them to cope?
He has ever stood on life's ascensive slope
And loves to front the giant tasks of men.
A nation free, though on it blind doth grope
And dares to fight the dragons in their den,
That people is the people of his hope.
For them he's like the type that poets pen,
A man on whom the gods delight to fix their ken.

Great Uncle Sam has never fallen down.
He's on the spot. He challenges the task.
Undertakings on which the ages frown
And earth dares not are all that he doth ask.
Give him the field; the "interests" full unmask,
Or let them all him hamper as they will;
Full suddenly he would himself uncasque
To his bare strength and stand up to the mill.
Could he not rearrange the social flask,
The mould make up, new elements choose with skill,
The glowing furnace dress, the liquid metal spill?

And could he not great universities found
For civil servants, and far eclipse the schools
For fighting lore with which we now abound?
Then offices fill with the man that rules
Instead of now with "interest" serving tools.
Inexperienced socialism doth require
Leaders of power, and civil service stools
Must send the men that office doth desire.
Democracy, thy task is not for fools!
But trust thyself. This mighty mass can sire
The man and thought and deed that lift the nation higher.

Aye, there's the rub! There is the point of pause!
There is the vast interrogation mark!
There's where we stand as solemn as great laws,
By silence held and shadowed o'er with cark.
There socialism stands up against it stark
Objection. Does not humanity lack
The character to bear the sacred ark
That cannot ride on old corruption's back?
Is not humanity so sunk in passions dark
That she would break beneath that golden pack
And final ruin block the doubtful future's track?

That is the question. We are up against it there.
Time's noblest issues are foundered on the rocks
When tied up with, and for success doth bear
On politics, for politics is pox
Infected and diseases rank unbox
On life. The last field to produce a man
Is the first whose corruption him unfrecks.
Can politics work out this social plan?
Can politics whose crime forever shocks
Mother this cause? Great character must van
The world's divinest dream since life and time began.

Oh socialism, socialism! Thou dream,
Vision, and sun-like splendor of the years!
Kingdom of heaven, whose glories blinding stream
Upon our loss, grief, bitterness and tears!
Thy greatest need are just those high compeers
For which we pine, for which we daily bleed,
For lack of which we stagger blind with fears.
Ideal divine some angel state has freed
To wander through these black and blighted spheres,
Bring thou thy men, thy doctrine will be deed.
The world and men would cast themselves into thy creed.

Thy greatest need is need of moral men;
Not in the mass around thy sacred feet,
Though there is need, but in the citizen
That rides along the metropolitan street
And in the capitolian senates seat.
This emphasis of ages, Oh place it dear
Upon thy heart! Re-write, impress, repeat
The truth to soul and teach it to the sphere.
All cause and powers that nurse the finer wheat
Of life do thou with gladness greet. Near, near
The dream is to the deed when virtue doth appear!

Oh for the sake of this humanity—
Hope, life and love and coming generations—
For those high dreams that struggle with insanity,
And God enthroned on his supremest stations,
Give us some men—spirits and dominations—
Force, virtue and intelligence—the stamp
Of old eternity—the incarnations
That makes men feel heroes of old doth tramp
The earth once more—globe-balancing creations
Before whose conquering countenance decamp
The foes of life as night before the morning's lamp!

Oh Life, Oh Life, why is this travailing pain
With all great thoughts thou bringest into birth?
Ideas rule and those that on us reign
Have cost the souls that gave their being birth.
All vital truths of ripe, transcendent worth
Live by the price of thousands that are slain.
Rear the ideal upon this blasted dearth
And more it costs than doth a battle plain.
Lift man an inch out of his selfish mirth
And noble hosts must perish in their strains;
Thus the world's path is marked by every step she gains.

Ye mortal Powers! Old World and Time and Life!
High congregations all ages call divine!
All that behold and mingle in the strife
And for man's good forever pray and pine!
Mighty Spirit, supremest Soul benign,
Great Author and Sustainer that we station
With some great plan most glorious in design
Above, behind, before and through creation!
Guide, guide the globe! Oh feed her life and wine!
Breathe virtue new! Regenerate the nation!
And let thy prophets sing the wisest inspiration!

Oh hark, Oh hark ! A silver clarion sound
Climbs up and falls from yon sun-lighted height!
Some spirit on that battlemented bound
Is pouring song instinct with life and light.
Oh hark, Oh hark! Though veiled to mortal sight
The measure is contagious with inspire,
And suddenly men energized with might
Strain far the soul and harken with desire.
Oh hark, Oh hark! Prophetic spirit bright,
We listen now. Oh strike again thy lyre
And let this social song die on thy words of fire!

"Be wise, be wise, ye throned and crowned transgressors
Of position, power, wealth and intelligence!
Ye have been man's insane and proud oppressors
And ride upon his strength and ignorance.
Be wise, be wise! Bridle thy high pretense,
For man at last grows conscious of his might.
His passions wake. Electric, wise, immense,
Not long will he bear tyrants on his height.
Be wise, be wise! Oh never him insense!
Listen and learn! Let power yield unto right
Or down like lightning bolts thou plungest through the night."

"Ye anti-socialists are the worst enemies
Of humanity. Life's noblest doctrine
That men are brothers in birth and destinies
And at the poles should be as close as kin
Your reason and your conscience cannot win.
Denying this, are ye not selfishness?
And selfishness, the essence of all sin,
Mothers all crimes and curses that oppress.
Ye breed of Cain, branded without and in,
Abel ye slay; your doctrines death possess;
Ye murder the ideal and dreams that mankind bless."

"Murder ye will, offspring and soul of Cain!
Ye purple-throned and crimson-crowned transgressors
Will slay the race before self shall be slain
Or ye deprived of your unjust possessions.
Ideals and dreams outlive thy blind oppressions
And your high hired assassins of the times.
Immortal they as their inspired confessions
They are resurrected with the rising chimes
Of heaven. Sacrifice nurses accessions
To the cause of truth. On the persecutor climbs
The judgment long delayed on life's worst loaded crimes."

"Be wise, be wise, ye counsellors of state!
Though chosen by the wide democracy
Responsibility upon you is as great
As kings and priests in a theocracy.
Be wise, be wise! Man's aristocracy
Has honored ye above all honored kings,
And wouldst't thou dare thyself with blind hypocrisy
To mask beneath the golden robe that clings?
Be wise, be wise! The old plutocracy,
Corrupt as old, the same old barter brings.
No man is bought or sold, no man corruption stings."

"Ye are the hopes on whom mankind depend;
You're chosen for man's noblest destiny,
To see, to think, to guide and to befriend
The struggling mass to social liberty.
Fore run the age. Read thou the prophecy
Upon time's walls where flaming splendor writes
A message to the future and to thee.
The living soul of modern life indites
The oracle. It is insanity
To long neglect or dare blaspheme the sights
The Spirit of all life flashes on wrongs and rights."

"Oh come, oh come, new social leaders great,
Wise pilots strong upon this troubled sea
To guide these sisters fair to populate
New continents with new humanity!
Ye unborn generations, hear the plea!
New Washingtons and Lincolns bid arise
To guide the state to nobler destiny.
Society in travailing pain and sighs
Is calling for the public men to be.
Away, away the graft that sells and buys!
Come, come, Oh social man, the office for thee cries!"

"Be wise, be wise, ye prophets of the dawn!
Fathom the heart of man and life and time;
And let the veil from thy own soul be drawn
And blinding self extracted as a crime.
Be wise, be wise! The splendors most sublime
Are blazing not upon the morning skies,
But on the race when out of toil and grime
To virtue, thought and freedom they arise.
Be wise, be wise! The singer first must chime
The dream of life from night and strife and lies,
Then send it splendor robed unto the mass that sighs."

"Oh never dream, ye socialistic sons,
Great social change is ever sudden wrought!
The world's passion with vast momentum runs
And can be changed only as man is taught.
Feed on the dream. Scatter life's noblest thought
Upon the heart, the conscience and the mind.
The socialist is often born and brought
If thou art strong, truthful and wise and kind.
Though far success and struggle with it fraught,
The cause of man life's larger spirits find,
Doth feed their giant strength and all together bind."

“The passion that is fed from dreams divine,
Out of the deep and from all things around,
Is often like the drinker of new wine,
Staggers and falls from manhood’s highest ground.
The test supreme of man is to be found
Still self-possessed when strifes around him wind;
When others are distracted by the sound
He’s master of himself and all his kind.
Be wise, be wise! The prophet oft is bound
By his own passion and driven mad and blind,
A hissing to the cause and to the curse consigned.”

“Spirit that doth create the universe,
That doth direct the course of constellations,
That doth the worlds along their histories nurse,
Guiding the course of all her congregations!
Though dark obscured to man the destined stations,
And sometimes he may threaten to blaspheme,
Beholding oft great backward circulations,
Oh guide the world! Mould out the glorious dream!
The man disjoint from time’s old degradations!
And let humanity forever stream and stream
As sunlight visions pass from heaven’s gates agleam!”

THE DOCTRINE OF DEVILS.

’Tis the doctrine of devils,
Of hell and her revels,
Of tempest and storms and the blackness of night,
Of demons insanest
And blasphemies plainest
The dreadest man dreams in the nightmare of fright,

To give unto mortals
The wide open portals
To earth and her stores and the sources of wealth,
And to leave unrestrained
The dark, selfish profaned
To seek each his own with the passions of self.

Yet down the long ages
Life’s blood and black pages
Have written the creed that has made of earth hell,
The past full of dirges
The present o’er surges
And strangles the hopes that the future might sell.

Professor and preacher,
The poet and speaker
Upbolster the creed that the ages have cursed.
Wealth, honor and station
Have poured their damnation
Upon the high dreams that affliction has nursed.

The doctrine unpurses
Hell's life and her curses
On man and his work and all dreams that have birth.
Strife, anger and battle
Make humans as cattle
And war the life work of the nations of earth.

Now five or six billions
Make slaves of the millions
And rob them of all but a curse and the grave.
They bring on the panic
With purpose tyrannic
And starveth to death the already bound slave.

Man, wife, son and daughter
Are led to the slaughter
Like beasts of the field or degraded more worse;
Robbed, robbed of their passion,
Unhumaned in fashion,
Turned, turned in old age to cold, hunger and curse.

Democracy rises,
The system surprises,
And writeth its doom in the socialist's dream.
Ideals of the masses
Have past the night passes
And burst on the world as the morning doth stream.

The doctrine of heaven
God writes it with levin
Upon the wise mind and the courses of time.
"All men that earth mothers
Shall live and be brothers,
Inherit all things and her prophecies rhyme."

Starve, starve him and strangle,
Beat, beat him and mangle
Who dead to Life's creed and her glorious plan,
Shall curse as "infernal"
The doctrine supernal,
That men are created as servants to man.

A SOCIALISTIC NEED.

This socialism needs
A new and high ideal
'Gainst grafters and their greeds
And everlasting steal.
As great socialism grows
Place calls the honest man.
He alone defeats the foes,
He alone the world can van.

The emphasis here place.
Oh sing it loud in song!
Oh teach it to the race
And breed it in the throng!
Fix, fix it in the brain;
Plant, plant it in the heart
To rise and rule and reign
In state and man and mart!

The socialist that sells
His office and his power,
Hurl, hurl him to the hells
Of devils that devour!
The socialist that guards
The people and their rights,
Throne, throne him with the bards
And heroes of the fights!

If Berger or if Debs
Men worthy, honored, high,
Turn traitor to the plebs
And office sell or buy,
Straight out before the crowd
Their crimes before men spread,
In the silence hushed and bowed,
Fill, fill them full of lead.

The greatest of all crimes
Make betrayal of the state.
The greatest of the times,
The man the state can make.
Let this socialism grow
But let socialism seal
To its falsest friend and foe
The office and ideal.

THE PLATFORM

The Spirit of Life in the Campus cried
And I paused and strained my ear;
"Now a platform build for the base of state
And a new election year.
Build of life and lore, honor, truth and song
Of man and his being's right;
Be it founded firm, built solid and strong
For foes that forever fight.
To the deep, to the deep with official greed!
To the night with the friendly foes!
Give the base, give the race, give the power and place
To the platform great that grows
From human need and the new life bestows."

"I desire a base for the whole of life,
Where the globe itself may stand;
Unmoyed by the storms of the endless strife,
Where heroic spirits band.
May it lift the mass, make a better class,
And the millions bind in one;
It must bolt and brace and must lend us grace
As the times their circles run.
To the deep, to the deep with official greed, etc."

"Hew the timbers strong from the mountain rocks,
Saw the planking straight and rough;
For the social wars and the earthquake shocks
Give us nature's strongest stuff.
Now the raw backbone of the old earth bare
And on nature's heart and fires,
Throw the planking down, and forever dare
Be the ages' sons and sires.
To the deep, to the deep with official greed, etc."

"'Tis a wiser world and a larger man
Than has ever lived before.
See the vast decree that is written thee
As the age's line of lore.
Give a platform great for the base of state!
Humanity wisdom feed!
Else a hell-born hour will the state devour
In its insane selfish greed.
To the deep, to the deep with official greed, etc."

I pushed through the mass and the scorning class
And said to the presence great:
"There's a platform laid, of old granite made.

For a real and ideal state.
Are socialists' schemes but vain dreamers' dreams
Or plans from old Nature's heart?
Oh Spirit of Life, thou dost mother strife
To be ignorant as thou art!
There's a platform laid, of old granite made,
For a real and ideal state;
But thy blinded breed in their blinded greed
On falsehoods old will forever feed."

THE SINGER AND DREAMER.

The singer of songs and the dreamer of dreams,
Is he really outgrown and vain as he seems?
Romantic and young with his lyre on his breast;
Sweet sweetness of sound, passion crimson with zest.
Strange magic to thrall, rarest gifts to delight,
More an innocent child than man in his might.
Wealth, labor and greed and the masses of men
Behold him and smile with a scorn in their ken.

Oh dreamer of dreams and Oh singer of songs,
Stand up in thy strength amid men and their wrongs!
Thou art crownless and crowned; lawgiver and king;
Foreseeing and molding the ages that wing;
Strong, wise and upright; the creator of life;
Giving man to himself in the conflict of strife;
Then robing with splendor and pouring in fire
That mounteth life's planes with the swiftest desire.

The singer of songs and the dreamer of dreams,
The spirit of life in him fountains and streams.
His heart and his brain and his tongue and his lyre
Are fed with the purest of nature's own fire.
He has taught and has fed and this human up led
From fossils and rocks where our fathers lie dead;
An image in time from eternity great
He prophesies man in his highest estate.

This dreamer of dreams and this singer of songs,
Far banish the clan from the myriad throngs!
Bar sweetness and light, hope, rapture and lift,
Morn, rainbow, flower, bird, fountain, azure, cloud, rift.
Leave science and sense, strength, labor and gain,
Want, selfishness, strife and the fields of their slain.
Take, take thee thy world! It is just at thy door,
A world full of wealth, but diseased to the core.

Oh Spirit of Life, let thy treasures unfold
 In something far better than science and gold!
 Oh give us some singers who sing from the heart,
 Some dreamers who dream with old magical art,
 Some singers whose songs are a crimson delight,
 Some dreamers whose dreams live forever on sight.
 For a singer of songs and a dreamer of dreams
 We could barter a state and the wealth that so teems.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE."

A spirit speaks to my spirit: "Has man
 Upon the heights of life no budding sense
 Of immortality? Does nature take
 Him captive? Does she blind and bandage him
 To circle round a little sphere of life
 Just like the beasts? Does she shear off his locks,
 Bind him in chains, cast in her dungeon keep,
 Use his giant strength to ceaseless grind the mills,
 And at the last, a mere machine, returns
 Him to his earth? No! No! Man in his higher
 Passions and desires, in his summer glory
 And autumnal ripeness, in his rounded
 Sphere of being and the majesty that
 Wields it, does he not burst the boundaries
 Of time, and as his cradle prophecies
 Foretold both make himself and all mankind
 Immortal? He becomes the proud imperial
 Subject, and not the object of the world.
 He backs himself against this massive frame,
 Against the beetling granite mountain ranges,
 And out-measures, out-weighs, out-worths it all.
 He contends and overcomes the time-spirit,
 Creating thus the soul that reaches far
 Beyond, even to the cosmopolitan man.
 His character and exploits on him throw
 The suggestion, atmosphere and glory
 Of other globes and ages yet to be
 Inherited. He is the maker of the world—
 The master of nature—the fountain head
 Of nations—the promulgator of laws—
 The founder of schools—the author of science—
 The parent of art—the father of religion—
 And a worshiper of truth. He crowns supreme
 And so outsoars the world no power can him
 Return. His height and depth, his reach and sweep,
 His intensity and soaring aspiration
 Are more boundless than the universe itself
 And almost tempt belief in self-existence,

So vast are his resources. All heaven and earth
Contemplate the greatness, which at its fullness
Denies a creature of the briefest hour
And affirms a spirit of transcendental
Destiny.

Does not the mechanic, scholar, soldier,
Poet, patriot, hero, martyr, prophet,
And every living type of human greatness
Shoot out contagious immortality
And annihilate the dark, interrogating
Forms of doubt? Behold the man, and summons thought
Unto the contemplation! Canst thou dream
That he is like the morn's fantastic shows
Of imagery, king-like in magnificence
And pomp, and then in one brief hour eclipsed,
Eclipsed, dissolved and clean extinguished?
He makes his highway through this wilderness
As a sun-path morn paves across the waters.
He breasts the noble avenue he treads
With mansions of celestial masonries,
Setting up at every gate monuments
And intellectual marbles that incarnate
A portion of his spirit. He sends abroad
Beautiful forms, living emanations
Of himself, nurslings of immortality
That follow him through life. These arching skies
Become a synod of enthroned divinities,
For all illustrious souls of time he there
Assembles and in divinest fellowship
Preserves the god-like man at his true height.
Great sounds and strains of everlasting song
From some enthroned eternity above
His spirit hears, and like a thunder flings
It round these portals of the universe.
The gates of birth he wreaths with morning glories
And stations Light and Song to welcome in
The generations to front the dawn and day.
From Pisgah's mounts of lofty contemplation.
Along the mighty walls of time, upon
The vast eternity before he draws
Great sun-bright symbols of progress, conquest,
Dominion, majesty and immortality
That challenges from age to age the reverence
Of mankind.

Man, beneath this world-creating genius, breeds
A glorious progeny that wear the parents'
Virtue and perpetuate their greatness.
But pause and contemplate the great conceptions
That ever spring from man's creating spirit.

What a race of king-like men are reason's sons?
What princesses does imagination
Mother? What royal issue love begets
Out of the heart? Faith, hope, joy, purity,
Truth and honor seem high heaven's descended souls.
What tall, right-handed angels rise to meet
And keep society with conscience? Reverence,
Wonder, silence, worship and self-sacrifice
Seem the very incarnations of a god,
But are in truth mere portions of the man.
Behold the quality! Are these the earth's
Raw elements, but purified in fire
And organized to rule the mountains, seas
And air? These are of another nature,
With other source and ends, for they translate
Themselves into the temple-heart of great
Eternity as their own native home.

Will not such a being live? If man's works,
If the creatures of his heart and mind,
The mere shadows of the living spirit,
Live on, defying time and change and death,
Oh tell me Truth! Can the god-like soul itself
Lie down at night to sleep a dreamless sleep
Forever more? Shall man create and be
The science, art, poetry and religion
Of the whole world's history and at the end
But supper for the worms? 'Tis not to be
Believed without a violent shock to all
Our nature.

All man has done is the least part of man,
For there's more within than ever has come forth.
No work draws out and incarnates the soul
In its complete, rounded and orb'd expression;
For there are elements forever un-
Translatable out of the heart and mind.
Man's best creations are fragments of himself—
Detached portions that bear the stamp, but not
The full impress of his impassioned spirit.
Thinkers are always greater than mere thought;
Singers than songs and heroes than their deeds;
For these are parts of an unmeasured being.
Man's height is never reached, his deep is never
Sounded and his horizons never measured.
The soaring dreams of his creating mind,
The consciousness of white intensity,
The expansions of pure expansive spirit,
The enginery of his dynamic powers
Unite him with the universal being

And give archangel pinions to his flight
 That bear from earth, beyond the solar
 System, through the constellations of the night
 Around the outmost circles of astronomy.
 And far into the deeps and void of chaos.
 Still more; his unexhausted powers and gifts
 Doth climb the works on this expansive base.
 The universe so infinite in height,
 Eternal in its ever new construction,
 Glorious, magnificent and most sublime
 In materials, design and vast proportions,
 The filled up height and depth and length and breadth
 All robed resplendent with a billion suns,
 It fronts man's spirit with repressive awe
 Yet to him calls commanding invitation.
 He climbs the earth until great Science crowns
 The world. He marches on the solar system,
 Weighs the planets, tabulates the elements,
 Photographs the process, records the birth
 And growth and death, and writes a tale that common
 Space and time at leisure may fill in.
 He journeys to the flaming constellations
 And undazzled by a thousand times
 Our noonday splendor steps from sun to sun,
 And brings the farthest astronomic globes
 Under the domain of his intelligence.
 Again: he not only climbs the shining worlds
 But the sphere-ruling spirits, the angels
 And archangels, dominions, principalities,
 Powers, geniuses, divinities and gods,
 The intelligence of many-sided mind,
 The fires and passions of volcanic heart,
 The imperial wills of omnipotential power,
 The heroisms that blaze eternal fame,
 And high idealisms that recreate
 The universe and fill it with new races,
 Social forms and still prophetic hopes,
 Oh what are they? These dreams are but projections
 And incarnations of his force, are but
 The fragmentary scraps and patchy sketches
 Of the man the best hours feel to be himself.
 Time's greatest men are fragments of the man;
 A thousand limitations hold him down
 And life's a dream of what he longs to be.
 Consider this; a part of this same truth:
 Every act begets a greater actor
 And each new work of genius more genius
 In the world and in himself. As the

Travailing mother is new-born in her child
The ideal work creates a new ideal
That all beneath lights into imperfection.
Just when the soul is pleased and calls it "good,"
That moment doubt is born. The eye divine
Beholds the new ideal above the world
And as it shapes the earth to heaven's form
It feeds into his heart a spark of some
Eternal discontent that breeds still higher hope.
None wed the real and the ideal together;
Hence the bitterness, despondency and grief
Of gifts that cannot full express themselves;
Hence the effort, failure, defeat, despair
That feeds the heart of man's ambitious hopes.

What means this helplessness and ever vanquished
Effort? What means these visions bright that with
Approach doth shine and rise still higher up?
What means this unveiling, this revelation,
These promises that kindle whitest hopes?
What mean these new expansions, passions,
Admirations, exultings and communions?
What means this infinite, this eternal
Prophecy to all the hungry powers of man?
What does it mean but a high, inherent,
Soul-creating, conquering immortality?

This stretch and reach, this longing and desire,
This toil, failure, despondency and hope,
This capacity and ever upward impulse,
This vanquished and yet unvanquished effort,
This moulding and yet unmoulded man,
This cut and clipped, this soaring, shining soul,
This death defying, annihilation
Scorning and eternity loving life,
These alone have often wrought conviction
In the spirit and firm established faith
Against the sworded questions of the world.
I must believe that man forever lives."

From "The Debate."

THE DREAM.

Dream, Oh dream, Oh living dream!
That upon our visions stream,
Art thou real or only seem?
Just an image, word or line
With a breath of life divine
And a robe of rainbow shine.
Just a fancy flimsy dressed,

Glimpse or gleam of something guessed,
Vision, flash or brightness blest.
Neither flesh nor blood nor bone;
Just the frailest phantom known,
Spirit by the zephyr blown
Round the world to every zone;
But divine celestial thing
Thou dost live upon the wing,
And forever shine and sing.

Born within a poet's soul
When life's distant shining goal
On his lifted eye-balls roll.
He first brought thee from the height,
Brought thee through the strife of night,
Birth of beauty and delight.
In his heart as in a fire
He immersed thee, and thy sire
Gave thy heart his best desire;
Then thee kissed thy father nurse,
On thy lips he left a verse
Sweeter than the larks unpurse.
Smiled he beauty on thy face,
Like the shadow of that grace
Which his passions ever chase.

Spirit beautiful to sight!
Only feeling, form and light,
Yet a power in day and night.
Dwelling in the azure clime,
Sun or starry birth of time
Thou hast magic most sublime.
Shining in the morning hour,
Standing on the noonday tower,
Walking mid the twilight bower;
On the world's immortal heart
Like a bride in flowers thou art,
Dreams within the dreams that start.
Hope and joy and purity,
Wisdom and her children free,
See and love and follow thee.

Man though pompous, swift and proud
Passes like a flying cloud
Wrapped unconscious in his shroud.
All his works of fame and power
Fellow him in just an hour

Down time's phantom shadowed bower.
Mountains crumble and decay,
Seas to vapor pass away,
Earth herself grows cold and gray.
Even suns of splendor bright
Empty in the void their light
And like cinders circle night.
All is passing or will pass
Like the figures in a glass,
Worlds and men, alas! alas!

But, Oh dream, thou canst not die!
Thy immortal heart and high
Defiest all beneath the sky.
Nature with her lightning knife
And her elemental strife
Cannot even touch thy life.
Can the blindness, grief and greed
Which to death this human feed
Prove contagious to thy breed?
Can the time that conquest flings
Over ages, empires, kings,
Vanquish thee on azure wings?
Far above all strife and time,
Royal, princely, pure and prime,
Livest thou with life sublime.

Like an angel in the earth
Beautiful as at her birth,
Radiant and benign in mirth,
Thou art flying up and down
And all beauties that thee crown
Unveilst free to king and clown.
Thy rich alabaster heart
Breaks with passion to impart
All that makes thee what thou art—
Kisses sweet, celestial kisses,
Blisses pure, unblighting blisses,
And the love man ever misses.
Heaven's height and matchless grace
Shines upon thy glorious face
Like an angel to our race.

Mother of more dreams divine,
Thou dost on our spirits shine
Till for higher love we pine.
Thou dost light the heart and mind
And our nobler spirits find

By the visions that us blind.
Thou dost enter, lift and nurse
The hope of this vast universe
By thy face and heart's unpurse.
Worlds within our world are built,
Free from sorrow, fear and guilt,
Where thou rulest as thou wilt.
Thou dost fashion, form and crown
With high heaven's royal gown,
Virtue, beauty and renown.

Dream, Oh dream, Oh living dream,
That upon our visions stream,
Shine, Oh shine in brighter gleam!
Surely thou art from the heart
Whence divinest things all start,
Just a smile of life thou art,
Falling on these sightless eyes,
Who but mounteth to the skies
By the passions pure that rise?
Onward, onward we are led
Where the dream and deed are wed,
And with love forever fed.
Still upon our visions gleam
Like the beauty whence ye stream!
Dream, Oh dream, Oh living dream!

DOWN AND OUT.

Oh world and all ye elemental powers
Of nature! Ye titanic incarnations
Of unembodied being! Ye vast endowers
Of energy and passioned impulsations
From the great soul of cosmic circulations!
All organic and inorganic forces
Forever fresh and leaping with elations!
All breath and life from your eternal sources
Destroying worlds for greater new creations!
Vast universe upon your endless courses,
Oh listen to the song when age our youth unhorses!

Oh day and night! Ye seasons and successions,
Majestic powers whose panoramic round
Sweeps over earth as pageantry processions!
Pulsating earth whose mighty passions bound
With earthquake throes far in their deep profound!
Old ocean's vast, immeasurable might
Girding the globe with thunder singing sound!

Ye mountain ranges forever more bedight
With solemnness and majesty encrowned!
Canyons, rivers, falls, forests, plains and height,
Oh listen to the song that man doth often write!

Ye wild and lawless elements of storm,
Nature's maniacs in their delirious mirth,
Night, rain and clouds with angry passions warm
That rise and drive like furies over earth!
Ye whirling winds that some convulsive birth
Sets furiously free with sweeping rage and snort!
Ye lightning bolts black heaven's tempestuous girth
Rains like a fire from an artillery fort!
Ye thunders vast like chaos bellowing forth
Globe rending sounds that rock each cave and court,
Oh listen to the song time's changes fierce extort!

There was a time, glorious, memorial time!
When ye were all my passion and delight.
More elemental than your own souls sublime
I found in ye the kindred of my sprite.
Like and unlike your essences so white
I felt the pulse of this vast universe,
And from the gulf of boundless day and night
Ye passed in me and did my spirit nurse.
The chaos and the cosmic powers that fight
Did girdle me, and often did immerse
In those contentions vast that war against the curse.

I was the chiefest element of life.
The cosmic passions my being thrilled and thrilled.
Nature's fountains with measures rich and rife
Flowed into me with floods that over-filled.
Drunken, insane, delirious and unstilled,
One of nature's infinite successions,
And subject, though intelligent and willed,
To her enchantment, magic and impressions.
The reddest life her spirit ever spilled
Burst into me with impulse and transgressions
That spurned the common course, possessed by high possessions.

Ye mighty powers, my kindred and my song!
I call ye now to witness to the truth.
When I was young, impulsive, swift and strong,
Did I not leave man's safe and sheltering booth
To greet the storms that burst with fierce unruth?
When lightnings deluged both the heavens and earth,

When thunders roared like monsters most uncouth,
When hurricanes swept raging round the girth,
Bare-browed and open-breasted did my youth
Not wander forth and, centered in the dearth,
Mingled my life with thine in most delirious mirth?

Have I not climbed and traveled round and round
These azure deeps of palpitating skies?
In ocean's pure and fathomless profound
Did I not sink and another man arise?
These mountain ranges on my astonished eyes
Subdued and filled with transcendental migh:
Nature's convulsions and impassioned cries
Were reproduced within my narrow sprite.
The great dynamic souls that energize
The universe with thy soul did unite
And shocks and shocks of life sent through me with delight.

Oh power sublime, thou wert my element!
I lived and moved and had my life in power.
My spirit felt the touch of the omnipotent
As passions vast my being did endower.
These more than infinite energies that tower
On glorious night I loved to contemplate,
And sometimes sunk out of the mortal hour
And rose into the forces that create.
This glorious, effulgent, constellated bower
With momentums of eternity and fate
I yielded to and breasted till power did satiate.

But now, oh now, oh woeful, woeful now!
All I can do is sit and just remember;
A ghost of life upon time's leafless bough
Dreaming of June in cold and sleet November.
Once I was fire; now I'm a dying ember;
There brilliant flame; here but a flickering light
Before the long and black nights of December.
My youth, my strength, my passion and my right
Are gone, all gone, and now a dying member,
Earth soon will fling far down the pits of night
The rank, decaying corpse out of her living sight.

All summer long I'm worn out with the heat.
I've hardly strength to go the rounds of toil.
I scarce can stand ten hours upon my feet
To do the work that hath and doth despoil.
The wine of life, the precious, precious oil

Is all burned up. I'm fallen down! I can't
Come back! I'm spent! I'm all in! The petty broil
For just my bread is strife that I would scant.
Each day I drag from the exhausting moil
Too tired to think the old, upbraiding rant,
But sit beside the door and pant and pant and pant.

The bright, autumnal season circles round
That once did lift unto the summits high;
Great pageantries in golden splendors gowned
March over earth, the mountains, seas and sky.
My heart leaps up. Visions upon me fly,
And mighty dreams invite the singer's song.
I fain would rise to write and often try,
But back I fall to the oblivious throng.
I have not strength; the passions flame and die;
Great poetries are only for the strong.
A leaf, a wave, a cloud, I'm swept by time along.

Winter, winter, thou overwhelming dread!
Beholding thee I'm cold and dark and sere;
An influence from the kingdom of the dead
Surrounds me like a poisoned atmosphere.
The last strength of this bowed and broken peer
Beholding thee doth almost stand aghast.
I tremble at thy coming swift and near,
For life's assassins are round thy presence massed.
I'm marked for death. I'm struck. I'm on the bier.
Oh Life! Perhaps this winter is thy last;
Ere spring revives the flowers thou shalt away have passed.

There's nothing now before me but the "If,"
The great "Perhaps," the vast interrogation,
The pause, emphasis and silence on the cliff
Of being as the spirit's contemplation
Stands up to scan this infinite creation.
The earth and man and all that live and die,
The splendors of night's flaming congregation,
The golden sun and solar passion high,
Eternity and blank annihilation
Now write upon the dark'ning western sky
A vast interrogation of "what?" and "where?" and "why?"

THE INTERROGATION MARK.

Strange, solemn, great is that mysterious birth
By which this consciousness arose in man.
None can expound though they have sought all earth

And up to God and some creating plan.
If we could look with solar lightning scan
In infant minds as they burst from the dark,
Would we not find a torturing, twisting clan
Biting the soul? Would there not be a spark
With flash divine that Life would gladly fan?
Would it not grow, form from the stinging stark
A white interrogation, mind's first and final mark.

Young, fresh and strong and drunk with nature's life
We hail the world in brightest splendors gown'd.
Impulsive with the blindest passions rife
We stand before time's golden doors and pound,
Bending to hark, at the merest phantom sound
We almost scream with wild ejaculation.
'The heavens above, all time and earth we round
Striking all things with straight interrogation.
Life is a dream till strife is on us bound,
Then dies in grief the sweet intoxication,
And from within without the mark doth shift its station.

As wise we grow, expanding nature's bound
Science, the great high priest of modern time,
Unveils the worlds that gird us round and round.
We travel up great avenues sublime
With mansions reared for tall archangels prime.
Alas, alas! All paths lead to the dark.
Science, history, theology and rhyme
Delight the mind like palaces and parks;
But as we follow on at last we climb
To where they front interrogation marks,
Lean, passion'd, hungry, fierce, consuming life like sharks.

Oh Life, Oh Life! Strange, strange, mysterious Life!
Thou piercest us till we pierce back at thee,
As if the end of time's eternal strife
Were but to find and set a spirit free
Whose daring strength would probe infinity.
Thou art of all our mysteries most veiled,
Though thou the mother art, and man's divinity,
Forever bare, questioned and fierce assailed.
Thou hidest from this searching consanguinity
Our source, purposes and destinies unscaled;
The more our wisdom probes, the more our wise are paled.

Deep cries to deep out of all living thought:
Is man immortal? Does some Father care?

He seems the end for which the world was wrought.
There should be One whose bosom love should bear.
Wisdom and age and often virtue rare
Are tempest tossed and driven to the dark.
"Oh, help us, help!" we cry in our despair,
But still drives on and wrecks our mortal bark.
All through our life, when death away doth tear
We see a form, impassioned, fierce and stark,
O'er God and man a vast interrogation mark.

Thus all the earth is full of solemn questions.
The race itself dissolves into the sign,
O'er all man's history, his works and civilizations
Is the unciphered riddle none divine.
The vast eonic ages slow untwine
And write the same old history of the earth
In changing forms that emphasize the line
The Sphinx has writ on our mysterious birth.
The great and wise question and pause and pine
Beholding life in such chaotic dearth.
What mighty questions rise and bound our little girth!

On sweep the worlds in endless, endless ages.
Thousands of years are waves upon the beach.
Life lives and writes her solar system pages
And then descends death's plumbless, plumbless breach.
Globes live and die. This world and others preach
The infinite insignificance of man.
Can life on these high sister planets reach
Beyond it here and crown creation's plan?
The vanities of life and man impeach
The faith. Thinkers since long the world began
Have drawn the solemn sign and silent stood to scan.

The spirit of all modern life and light
Oft makes the globe a pedestalic base
And sweeps the constellations of the night.
When peering o'er the gulf of time and place,
What splendors of a transcendental grace
Eternal shine upon the dome so dark?
Life doth behold. Upon the voids of space,
Large as a boundless hemispherical arc.
Millions of suns, billions of worlds her face
And question with infinities of cark,
Till soul in silence stands, cold, solemn, pale and stark.

So thus the universe we mortals see

Becomes a vast interrogation mark.
The lightning stars of white intensity
Arrange themselves into a mighty arc
Upon the dome so measureless and dark.
Effulgent, passioned, immovable, immense,
It fronts the generations with the stark-
Est emphasis that ever strikes the sense.
Towering, sweeping, descending as an arch—
Angel's masterstroke, it strikes intelligence
And holds all wisest minds in bondage and suspense.

MAGNANIMITY.

Magnanimity! 'Tis a royal word.
There's a spring of inspiration in the sound.
The very thought out of the heart has stirred
Another man. Up from the deeps profound
The man in man springs instant with a bound.
He feels the passion of a spacious sprite
Roll through his fame, and as life circles round
Some power divine doth with the dream unite,
A majesty doth sit on him; he is gowned
With splendor; his right arm is glorious in might;
And new created worlds swing instant into sight.

Oh largeness, greatness, nobleness of soul,
Thou art an image of divinity!
Supremest of the essences that roll
Through nature's heart unto the vast infinity!
Kindred of closest consanguinity
Unto the powers that crown the universe!
The One, or strange, mysterious Trinity
Straight brings thee forth, and thy parental nurse
Delights to find in thee his best affinity.
The mighty worlds no better can unpurse;
The spheres were made for thee and doth thy presence verse.

Expansion, exaltation, pride and power,
Independence, courage and generosity
And prophecy all crown thee with endower.
To friends thou art a keen impetuosity;
And to thy foes a moment's fierce ferocity,
And then a swift reaction to thy high
Magnanimous soul; a lightning bolt velocity
'Gainst oppression; a defense to all who cry;
A separation and reciprocity
With the great mass that round thee live and die;
Thou art the man divine for which we ever sigh.

We see thee there. Great nature's glorious stamp
Is visible and shining forth from thee.
In heaven and earth, street, college, court and camp,
Wherever noble cosmopolitan spirits be
Thou art at home. The high fraternity
Feels the mighty passions of the universe
That from thee radiate. No wonder we,
Conceived, conditioned and consigned in curse
Unto thy height are blind and cannot see.
Sense, strife and greed our spirits deep immerse
And great, magnanimous men us seldom wake and nurse.

Alas! We common men are scraps, mere patches
To the ideal with heaven's height and eyes.
We look abroad, the great earth only hatches
Fragmentary characters. Each man belies
The prophecy that flames upon him. Birth ties
The name of man upon us, but Life and Time
Strip off the masquerading rags, disguise
Them as we will. Creation or our crime
Only suggests, though Life forever cries
In travailing pain and prophecies sublime
For full-orbed, rounded man in his immortal prime

How rare, how rare such visions on us flash!
Labor and sense, fear, selfishness and greed
Strangle the youth of passion, power and dash,
And narrow, small and common natures breed.
Blinded and lost and bleeding in our need,
And heaven deaf unto our anguish cries,
Even as dreams the ideal is unfreed
To front us with its vast, colossal size.
We round our years, we suffer, toil and read,
Crown earth and time, mount and explore the skies,
But great, magnanimous dreams but seldom on us rise.

Nature, nature! How miserly and prodigal
'Thou art! What infinite, infinite waste
Of solar life, society and all
Bestrew thy paths! Vast planet systems haste
Unto the scrap as our machines displaced;
And yet so miser, so miserly of men,
The greatest need of this humanity debased,
Need of magnanimous types upon our ken,
Thou givest as if tortured or disgraced!
Thy chief delight is beast and fog and fen.
On infinite resource, so miserly of men!

Conception grows as soul rounds out the years.
We deeper sink, widen and higher rise,
And sorrow, loss, fear, bitterness and tears
Give passion and intensity to size.
Life mounts the plane; sweeps the eternal skies
And gods, prophets, heroes and geniuses divine
Grow flecked and flawed and common to our eyes.
But as they fade for something fierce we pine
To take the place of those denied the prize.
Spirit of Life, creating Power benign,
This scientific age, Oh match with spirits fine!

Ye mighty worlds of astronomic space,
Ye countless years of vast eternity,
Immortal Souls that give creation grace,
And hopes and dreams of high supernity,
Is there a sphere whose ripe maternity
Mothers the great and nurtures the ideal?
Is there a race of high modernity,
A glorious congregation of real
Magnanimous spirits in fraternity?
If such there be the lightning night unseal,
And on our blinded eyes the splendors bright reveal.

Oh for the sake of this humanity,
For hope and life and coming generations,
For those high dreams that struggle with insanity,
For God enthroned on his supremest stations
Give us some men—spirits and dominations—
Force, virtue and intelligence—the stamp
Of old eternity—the incarnations
That make men feel heroes of old doth tramp
The earth once more—globe-balancing creations
Before whose conqu'ring countenance decamp
The foes of life as night before the morning's lamp.

Give us the great, magnanimous immortals
Whose nobleness can guide the generations
That enter now the morning's golden portals!
Give us the great prime ministers that ride
The ages and from their lofty stations
Inspire the world in its new recreations!
Give us the men that match and mate the dreams
Of the mighty transcendental inspirations
That eternity to time prophetic streams!
Give us the men the world-soul's lamentations
Forever calls, and yet forever seems
Denied the only hope that life and time redeems!

LOSS AND GAIN.

Oh World! Oh Life! Oh Time!

Oh trinity of crime!

Your dark, dark stain, deep'ning to hell's last night,
Blots each immortal soul in their young prime
Of passion and delight!

Why is white passioned youth
Farthest from vital truth?

Why does our morn with visions bright deceive
Us into loss, darkness and sorrow ruth,
And there our spirits leave?

Why should such awful weight
Of senses foulest mate

Ambitious pride? and so our spirits curse,
As souls in bonds but far divorced by fate,
Each make the other worse.

Our first impulsive years

Are washed with crimson tears;

Our memories bear such matter for regret
As oft will cloud her sister hope with fears
On which no rainbows set.

Oh World! Oh Life! Oh Time!

Let loss and pain and crime

Break pride and sense, and teach us how to gain
Faith, love and trust, and promises to climb
The starry breasted heights of God, which chime:
"Come up and here remain."

THE SKY- AND SEA-LINE.

I never gaze upon the sky

Where it doth meet the sea
But something from the sight of it,
Some beauty from the light of it,
Some tension from the might of it
Deep enters into me.

I grow oblivious to the world

And give the spirit sway.
A strange, mysterious drift of life,
A rare, celestial gift of life,
Power, passion, pulse and lift of life
Doth bear me far away.

I give my sails unto thy breeze,
Oh boundless ocean wide!
The vast, profound and deep of thee,
Majestic course and sweep of thee,
Momentum, tides and leap of thee
I never dreamed to ride.

Lost to myself I fly away
Where mortals never sail.
The man that dreams is found in me,
He leaps up with a bound in me,
I feel him gowned and crowned in me,
And doth the prospect hail.

Oh ocean rich and deep and wide,
Roll, roll into my soul!
Unto the dream and dulce of life
The passion, poise and pulse of life,
The earthquake and convulse of life,
Thou dost my spirit pole.

Sail on! Adventure forth! Oh sail!
Thy bark is on the sea.
These skies upon the heights around,
These worlds that lend their lights around
These prophet songs and sights around
Proclaim eternity.

THE CANDY MAKER.

A husband on a winter night
Was sitting in his home.
Within the open fire was bright,
Without the snowy foam.
The nursing wife with joy and pride
His honeyed praises sung;
When suddenly he stopped the tide
And this song on her flung:

"Oh wife, Oh wife! I do declare,
You have a gift divine!
A special gift both rich and rare
For sweetmeats superfine.
You are a candy maker sure
Of most delicious skill;
A genius that can sweets secure
Where others find but ill.

"Oh never yet confectioner
Of any Christmas town
Had in his windows, I aver,
Such candies of renown!
Your goods are always fresh and bright;
Your stock is never low,
Sure some one buys them day and night
To keep you busy so.

"Have you within your heart and mind
Some syrups most divine,
Or honey that the bee did find
In flowers of perfumed wine?
Did Cupid on your marriage day
Give you a ewer filled,
That such a flavor makes its way
In what your hands have skilled?

"A woman yet was never seen
Who gum-drops makes as you.
Who eats of these though he is lean
Will fatten up anew.
Though sugared o'er unto the eye
They're drops of vital health.
No woman in the land, I say,
Makes gum-drops like yourself.

"And taffy, when you taffy make
I like to see you pull.
Molasses black you twist and shake
To snowy beautiful.
Your taffy-making is your forte,
Your glory and enjoy;
You make enough for king and court
In half an hour's employ.

"When I forget myself and eat
Your candies make me tight.
I feel unsteady in my feet
And in my head am light.
Oh! Should the public chance to find
From whence my madness came,
That you by candies so did bind,
I'd die of very shame.

"I must preserve myself at once
Before it is too late.
Oh old and silly, silly dunce,

To sport with such a fate!
Your praises are a danger, Dear,
And ere they run their course
I'd better intercept the fear
And from it far divorce.

"Ye candy-makers of the town!
Oh here I advertise
A taffy-puller of renown,
A gum-drop making prize!
A new machine for finest creams,
For caramels and puffs;
She'll boom your business to your dreams
With sweetest toothsome stuffs.

"But hold! Oh hold! Don't all apply!
She's gone out on the strike.
She swears she'll scrub or starve or die
Ere work for her dislike.
And Oh, her likes are passing strange!
I'll whisper this to thee:
She says, of all the men that range
She'll work for only me

"Well, well, My Dear! Work on for me!
I'll keep the solemn vow.
This touch of weakness that I see,
For thee I'll large allow.
These praises with a pinch of salt
I'll take, Oh wife, from thee.
There might be blame for many a fault,
But love is blind, I see."

THE DREAMED OF.

Spirit of the azure sky,
Princess of the heavens high,
Woman to the angels nigh!
Thou art realer than the real
Though the senses cannot feel,
Spirit of my soul's ideal!
Nearer than the noisy near,
Though no whipsers either hear
Princess crowning all my sphere!
Brighter than the brightest bright
Though unseen to mortal sight,
Woman with a soul of light!
Dream far more than flesh and bone,
Heard and seen and touched and known,

Angel of my spirit's throne!

Stately, slender, tall and fair,
Crowned with beauties rich and rare,
Robes of virtue thou dost wear.
In thy face thy soul of light
Shines and glows with color bright
Like thy passions red and white.
Rise and fall upon thy breast
Sweetness, peace and love and rest,
Thou and them forever blest.
In thy rich and happy mind
Dawn and twilight beauties kind,
Flowers and birds and dreams divined.
Fountains spring up in thy heart,
Music, sorrow, song and art
That the worlds immortal bart.

I have loved thee with a fear,
Standing far, then drawing near
Smiles and words and welcomes dear,
Love inspired a living faith
Neither life nor death could scathe,
Doubt or fear or phantom wraith.
Faith has clothed me with a power
That all hero souls endower
From high heaven's highest tower.
Power was crowned and crowned with joy
That has never dreamed annoy,
Sorrow, wrinkle, fear or cloy.
Joy seemed heaven's purest fire,
Self consuming in desire,
Growing deeper, wider, higher.

We have been together oft,
Granite strength and beauty soft,
Riding far and far aloft.
In the early morning dawn,
On the dewy splendored lawn,
Seen the rainbow curtains drawn.
On the hills where visions be,
Watched rich sunsets in the sea
Till the tears were flowing free.
When the golden moon was round
Soaring, soaring, music bound,
Where the fairy dreams were found.
Milky ways of flaming night
Often circled with delight,

Growing deep and strong and white;
Then descending to the earth
Found still greater strength and mirth
In each other's wealth of worth.

I have dreamed and dreamed of thee
Till no dream could realer be,
Giving life and light to me.
Alabaster boxes fine,
Treasures, perfumes, figs and wine
I have offered at thy shrine.
Songs and dreams of fire and flame
With the robes and crowns of fame
From my breast to greet thee came.
In thy presence I have felt
Something hard and stony melt
Till in tears I bowed and knelt.
I have soared on eagle's wings,
Scorning high immortal kings,
Thrones and crowns and robes and rings.
Angel of the morn to me,
Light and peace and purity
From beyond the glassy sea!

But, 'tis as well as never met;
I thy spirit pure would fret,
Bleed thy heart and bosom wet.
I was born out of the years,
Marked for strife and grief and fears,
Weeping blood instead of tears.
Selfish, passioned and intense,
Most unbalanced soul and sense,
Heart and brain with storms immense.
I am but the common clay,
Life and time, greed, night and day,
Blinded, driven on my way;
Poor and harnessed, worked and fed
Gravel stones instead of bread
Till I wish that I were dead.
Often gladness doth me shake,
Flesh and blood thou didst not take
And thy heart I did not break.

In the ages that untwine,
'Mong the starry worlds that shine,
On eternal travels fine,
Shall we ever, ever meet,

With an equal passion greet,
And our hearts together beat?
Purged, renewed and glorified,
Strength and purity allied,
Shall I meet thee as my bride?
When I climb to thy far sphere
Shall I meet thee with a tear
That thy lover doth appear?
In my breast hear whispers fine
Piercing me like fire benign:
"Mine, Oh mine, forever mine!"

THE ECHO.

Hush, hush my heart, be still!
Listen with bated breath!
Silence thy being fill
As motionless as death!
A soft celestial voice; a world for what she saith!

Oh hush my heart! The birth
And being most divine
I ever heard on earth,
Between her world and mine
Is singing, and my life for hers I would resign.

Oh matchless soul of song!
Spirit of melody!
Angel of singer throng,
And from all body free;
The most divinest life inspires the heart in thee.

Thy spirit Nature greets;
Her singers silent be;
Wave, stream and tree entreats
Thy music rich and free,
And drink and drink and drink thy living melody.

Unseen, enchanting fairy!
Unknown, beloved sprite!
On ether wings most airy
With far encircling flight,
Round lake and o'er the hills thy song rolls with delight,

Awaking joy so pure
The souls that hear thee sing,
The strain cannot endure
And from their hearts they fling

Their love and joy and praise, and toward thee nearer s

Joyous, intense and clear,
A song new come to birth;
A singer from a sphere,
A bright and lyric mirth,
Who sings to ease her heart and not for ours of earth.

Pure and liquid soul!
Dewy and rich and deep!
Winds, clouds and azures roll
The notes they cannot keep,
And now they forth through thee to vocal being leap.

Oh soft and dying tone!
More far and faint and dear!
A music seraph's moan
In his beloved's ear
Is mingled with the breath which now I faintly hear.

Fainter and more faint!
Softer and more sweet!
As a maiden saint
Breaths when the angel feet
Bear her lily, lily soul far down earth's shadowed street.

Fainter and more faint,
Your music is no more.
As last words of a saint
Speak to our spirit's core,
Your silence is a song of sweet and lasting lore.

Silent now, Oh silent!
But spirits listening be,
Are listening with intent
And hear the measures free
That ever rise and ring as memory thinks of thee.

Oh clear and crystal singer!
Again to life awake!
Oh clear and crystal singer!
Across the moon-light lake
Your happy happy elfin horns, shake out again, Oh shake!

Awake again, Oh wake!
My heart for song doth pine!
Thy lips again unbreak,

And thy sweet voice divine
Will be a lasting strain as on me ye untwine!

Hark! Does the deepest fountain,
The lake's divinest daughter,
Love the snowy mountain,
The soul above the water,
And whisperes now a song as fervent love hast taught her?

Does now some silver dream
From icy summits free
Through rocky gorges stream
With fall and foam and glee,
And sing his bridal song as happy as can be?

Does the moon's bright soul
Touch her golden lyre,
And drink night's dewy bowl
A new song to inspire
For her other soul of deep and pure desire?

Is heaven's world of love
Here the nearest earth?
Does some warm turtle dove,
O'er her dearest birth
Now throw upon our ears her first, sweet, mother mirth?

Has some sweet fairy sprite
From Paradise just fell?
In her descending flight
Tinkles her fairy bell
In silver silver tones that swell and ever swell?

Oh spirit, who art thou?
Whence and what and where?
Could I but see thee now,
Thy being pure and fair
Would be a sight divine which love would treasure rare.

But better thus unseen
Like all things most divine;
For nothing comes between
Thy heart and hungry mine,
And that encircling heart which all our hearts enshrine.

Oh echo, thy refrain
Is like a life to me!

It passes through my brain
And kindred finds to thee;
Waking the sleeping dreams in coldest memory.

I listen, yes, I listen!
I know! I know! I know!
Mine eyes with sorrows glisten,
My heart doth overflow,
Spirit of innocence from paradise, I trow!

Thy spirit once was mine,
And I was like to thee;
We both were then divine
And loved with purity;
But life divorces hearts that in each other be.

Soul of celestial dower!
Angel of early years!
The music of that hour
That hour still more endears;
To hear thee once again now melts my frozen tears!

Oh hear me as I cry!
Come to me once again!
Leave thy blue native sky!
Abide with mortal men!
Forgive and lead me from this dark and stifling fen!

Oh dost thou turn away?
I hear thy velvet feet
More faintly as I pray.
Shall this new warming meet
No hope that here or hence thy spirit I shall greet?

More fainter and more faint
I hear thee die away,
As dieth my complaint
For lack of words to pray
For thee and thine and all of that eclipséd day.

Beyond the hills afar
I hear thee going fleet,
Go, going to the star
Of morning, morning sweet;
And I would follow fast in hope we there may meet.

Sing, sing Ye Echo Souls!

Oh often sing to me!
Divinest music rolls
And leads where none can see,
When e'er I hear your sweet, celestial melody.

Sing, sing Ye Echo Sprites!
Your silence oft unbind!
From heaven's golden heights
Ye open on my mind
Such dreams of purity as lift and cleanse and blind.

Sing, sing Ye Echo Hours!
Although ye wake the tears
Ye lift me to the towers
With virtue of the spheres,
And life's golden summits pure to the spirit far appears.

RECREATION.

The world again is made anew,
A mighty spirit vast
With sword divides without ado
The future from the past,
And makes the present like an hour
Of new creation, life and dower.

Science destroys and new creates
The world down to its core.
The base and brutes and high estates
She fashions to the lore
That built the universe we see
And thinks from long eternity.

She spreadeth out diviner skies,
A more resourceful earth.
The glorious forms that round her rise
Eclipse the morning's birth.
The mighty sketches on her brain
Are being wrought before her reign.

The mounted, traveled skies are mapped,
The vasty deep explored;
Great nature's treasure house is tapped,
Her secrets long unlured;
Her bosom's rich resources rife
Supplieth hope electric life.

New social institutions spring;
 Away all kings and crowns;
The spirit new new forms doth bring;
 The man the office downs;
Democracy now rules the earth.
And brings more democrats to birth.

Philosophies, psychologies
 Are being made anew.
Cosmologies, theologies,
 Must to the facts be true.
From nature's truth, from space and time
Great Science thinks and speaks sublime.

Another human starts its race
 But up and never down;
They give the new creation grace,
 It doth them robe and crown.
Strength, wisdom, boldness, enterprise,
Against the future they arise.

Another thinker silent thinks;
 A new designer plans;
The latest doer never shrinks;
 Life high approving scans;
Great cosmic builders clothed with power
Renew the earth from hour to hour.

Another sailor sails the seas,
 A new machinist flies;
Another poet charms the trees,
 And soldiers new arise;
A noble breed, a mighty race,
Erect and strong the morning face.

Farewell Oh Rome! Farewell Oh Greece!
 Thinker and soldier old!
All hist'ries have outrun their lease,
 Are to oblivion rolled,
These modern worlds eclipse thy light
As morning doth the stars of night.

Oh welcome Life! Oh welcome Hope!
 Your larger circles run!
Your journeys mount a noble slope
 Inviting to the sun,
And ringing round the splendored arch
Great Science sings: "Right onward march!"

THE SONG OF SOUL AGAINST SENSE.

A PLEA FOR EUGENICS.

The city was a carnival and court
For throngs of wealth and fashion and display.
Youth, strength and age did with each other sport
To make the week a perfect pleasure way.
Triumphant arches, flags and streamers gay,
Uniforms and gowns, cars, carriages and horse,
And pageantries and marches filled the day.
Bright auto-lamps and electric lights of force
And music strong the multitude did sway.
Wine, song and dance, and all that undercourse
Filled night with revelry and day would far divorce.

I went down town and on the Campus square
Stood calm in contemplation. It was to me
A masquerade, an insane drama rare
Before the stars, God and eternity.
I swept the scene and strained my eyes to see
Some Hebrew prophet. What profanation
Of man, and thoughtless, thoughtless blasphemy
Against the solar hopes of life! Incarnation
Of all that man was ever dreamed to be,
Come forth, come forth; Behold the contemplation!
The world and time and life in insane desecration!

Then suddenly a soul gigantic rose.
'Twas no ideal descending heaven's height,
Nor some high dream on which the flesh did close
For one short hour; nor any gifted sprite,
A genius great among the sons of night.
No! It was the man. Some power did disentangle
His spirit from the powers of deadly blight,
And rending off the senses that us strangle,
A giant rose with countenance of light.
I hastened o'er the Campus and its wrangle;
For one ripe soul outweighs the world and all it's spangle.

I would have spoke but felt that presence awe.
I followed close as to that virtue bound.
He sauntered down the Avenue and saw
Far more than eyes or senses ever sound.
Then up and down, across and back and round
The city's heart is traveled. He saw the things
That darkness hides within her deeps profound—

The night-born dreams round which the darkness springs,
The doings of the senses under-ground,
The abortions and mis-gendered births she brings,
The lawless lawless license night covers with her wings.

At length unto the Campus we returned,
He paused and looked. I saw the clouds of cark
Upon his brow. Within his bosom burned
The whitest indignation, and shadows dark
Grew darker to his flaming sight. Hark! Hark!
He is about to speak. A mighty speech
Is on those lips as from a hierarch
Of heaven, a song or tale that will impeach
The world. Arise oh Time and Life, and mark
The utterance! Let his high message reach
The man within the man and truth supremest teach!

"Oh spirit of the world, ancestral Time,
Prolific Eve and Father of the race,
Organic laws, great Nature's self sublime
And mighty births that round her ever pace,
Ye virtues that the cosmic soul embrace,
Ye first divinities of man, Ye high
And sacred pieties of life, your grace
So high lend to the scene that doth defy
All presence pure. Your full, unclouded face
To your own birth ye surely will supply;
As now your first-born speaks stand up and round and nigh."

"And ye I call, each noble offspring birth
Out of man's heart and infinite desire;
Immortal thoughts of golden weight and worth,
High passionate dreams and visions winged with fire
For heaven's height, far prophecies that choir
New measures down the age, ideals and hopes,
Love, truth, delight and verse that ever tire
Your strength to climb life's steep and rugged slopes,
Sublimest souls the travailing world can sire,
I call on ye as soul in darkness gropes;
Great spirits witness now as my full spirit opes!"

"Ye Heavens above, Thrones, Virtues, Dominations
That fill these glorious galleries of the night,
Rounded Perfections, sublimest Adorations
And Splendors with a solar radiant sight,
Ye Majesties and Principalities bright
Beyond all dreams, thou Eternity and train

Of fair immortals, thou God above the height
Of this vast universe shall it be vain
To summon here your purities so white?
Descend, descend! The barriers burst in twain.
Behold and hear and help with high inspire the strain!"

"I panel ye a high official court,
A jury called upon the hour of man;
Your solemn oath is told and doth exhort
Your living spirits. With a solar scan
And lightning penetration look on the plan
And this blind approach of being. Behold
The hour! Sanction the right and put thy ban
On elemental thought if she should hold
Ought but the truth. Ye are the clan
Before whom soul would stand erect and bold,
Appealing to the faith, unsworn, unsoiled, unsold."

"I hate to summons ye unto the pens
Of darkness, and introduce you to the breeds
That lair and whelp in thsee unriveted dens.
The incarnation of demoniac creeds
Here work themselves into infernal deeds.
Behold the flesh! Here is the world of sense.
Tear off the masquerades deception feeds
To sight! See man in his unpretense,
Organic nature! Mark these consuming greeds,
Like hungers starved, vast, passioned and immense.
I adjure you to the sight with vision most intense!"

"Oh what a sight for soul's all-piercing eyes!
'Tis inconceivable unto the mind
Of purity. It would instant paralyze
With deadly shame the high celestial kind
Around the thrones of heaven. It blindeth blind
The sun-like visions that out of heaven shine
with such vital, glorious brightness they find
The noblest man in man. All the divine
That nature breeds in earth is here consigned
To a descent far lower than the swine.
Do not disgrace the beasts and nature's work malign!"

"Oh, vastly, vastly worse these human beasts
Than any dumb creations! Indulgence
Passes the bounds of nature, like the feasts
And revels strange of most insanest sense.
Can this be man? Is this the dominance

Of heaven and her high, supreme endower?
'Tis some insensate, fierce incontinence
That doth possess the soul—usurping power,
Blind, mad and lost in its extravagance.
Oh flesh, Oh flesh, Oh suicidal hour,
Thus to dehumanize till they themselves devour!”

“What infinite, infinite degradations,
Sheer, sheer descent and deadly blasting blight!
What most deformed, diseased disfigurements
Upon the man designed for heaven’s height!
What most monstrous malformations and night-
Engendered things—unhuman forms of sense—
Almost cannibalistic shapes bedight
In hugest disproportions and offense!
Abortions, unnatural miscreations, sight-
Repulsions and abhorrences immense
Are here before the eyes and dare not issue hence.”

“This hour and place is the world’s rankest pen
Of infamy. Men and women are vile
Beyond compare; serpents, lizards, dragons
And breeding broods the very night defile.
Naked, enfrenzied passions scorn all denial,
And nature’s impulse doth the world defy.
Gigantic and resistless lusts here pile
Before their eyes a wholesale, fresh supply.
Insane desires and mad deliriums smile
With infinite satisfaction, and lie,
As in a flowery bed, in this swine-trodden sty.”

“These sensualities are fierce as fire
When fed with fuel and fanning most intense.
The giant strength of other high desire
Feed all they are into the fleshy sense.
This god-like mould from heaven descended hence,
What is it but a furnace for the flame
Of sensuality? This intelligence
Of vastest powers for heaven’s highest aim,
This mine-like heart with all its stores immense,
This mighty will no heaven or hell can tame,
What but the ministers that feed the senses’ shame?”

“The rounded man, the finished sphere of life
Is driven by the fires of sensuality.
Its proportions and energies so rife
Make a city’s heart at night a colony

Of titanic lepers, and impurity
Smites life with dread disease. The whole place
Is dark, delivered, poisonous and de-
Mented with distempers that disgrace
Humanity. A sex insanity
Of heart and brain storms, the mad and driven race
By raving hungers fierce around the Campus pace."

" 'Tis unparalleled and unbelievable!
The globe of man sensualized and doth appear
Given up to sex. Human natures full,
Surfeit themselves like drunken gluttons here.
Tis another Corinth—a Paris—a near
And modern Sodom—a God-forsaken place—
A region dear to demons and a sphere
Ripe for damnation from the lightning face
Of heaven. Why does not the earth in awful fear
Swallow them up? It blasts the brightest grace
Of man and life and time to round this darkness pace."

" 'Tis a wild, abandoned hour—an incursion
Of chaos on the cosmos—a prostitution
Of intelligence and will—a subversion
Of the supremest, and the institution
Of man devoted to the execution
Of the flesh. 'Tis a blasphemous profanity
To the earth—a contagious, dread pollution
To the voids of space—a mad insanity
Fronting eternity, and a devolution
Before high heaven that makes humanity,
The universe and God the blindest, blindest vanity."

"What an infinite, appalling sacrifice
We pay the greed of this consuming sense!
The whole round globe that towers to the skies,
The opening heavens, prophetic and immense
With empires like the stars of night intense,
The vastest reach of man and hope and dream,
The promises of space and time far hence,
All, all are fed into this greed supreme;
Are fed like chaff, like refuse of offense,
Like things of curse corruptions over-teem,
The quicker they are gone the better life will seem."

"The strength of youth, of passion and of prime,
The virtues, hopes and happiness that stream
And make the world a vision as sublime

As heaven itself in morning's golden gleam;
The pride and boast, the glory of life's dream
And multiplied a thousand thousand fold
Are gathered up and shovelled as extreme
And worthless scrap, and to corruption sold.
The heir of time, inheritor supreme
Of earth and all the heavens above can hold,
De-splendored, -robed, -plumed, down sense abysses rolled."

"All, all of men, the heavens' best creation,
High spirits great that prophecy doth nurse,
O'er their own souls a virtuous domination,
And, if themselves. to crown the universe;
Down, down they go into the infinite curse
Of sense, and the blind infatuation rides
'The angel-born down, down and doth immerse.
After a time the sense that soul bestrides
Doth suddenly a mighty strength unpurse
And kicks far down, down, down the suicides;
Down, down the black abyss, down, down the spirit hides."

"Down goes the greatest genius of the race,
The sunlike gifts that might translate the lore
Of God, and on man's imagination trace
The high divinities that forever soar
And glorify yon battlemented shore.
Down, down the steep-down gulf the senses throw
Earth's greatest sons, and after them still more
Of their best kin. Down, down vast spirits go
As valueless as shadows on the floor,
As worthless as the beasts of nature low,
The greatest sons of time sense sinks forevermo."

"Poet, musician, orator and priest,
Soldier, scientist, philosopher and king,
All high inspire that fronts the dawning east
But never see the noon-day she doth bring;
These promises that from the common spring
And sunlike seem among the multitudes,
'Tis sense far more than death's unseasoned sting
That bears them down, and place where darkness broods
In everlasting silence. The senses fling
Heaven's highest down with nature's mighty feuds
Where night and wind and rain rave through the solitudes."

"Beauty, a goddess descended from above,
An incarnation out of the world divine

To be a bride and worship of a love
That frames itself to being's best design—
Oh heaven! Around the goddess and the shrine
What blasphemies 'gainst purity arise,
And are often entertained by the malign
Communications of lightning speaking eyes!
Life's sex desires awake and fret and chafe and pine,
And ravenous as wolves of fiercest size
They glare and gloat and gloat and struggle for the prize."

"The beautifuls, the goddesses of earth,
The first divinities and idolatries
Of man, radiant and celestial births
That might be throned on the eternities
And worshipped as each generation sees;
Down the abyss, but farther, deeper down
They go, and quick to worse intensities
Of sex and sense corruption. The worst renown
Of this dark earth rounds beauty's black impurities,
So that the conscience-hardened night doth frown
If day should dare unveil or draw her covering gown."

"The infants mere seem but a sacrifice
And offering to this Moloch of desire.
Life stands aghast as sense holds like a vise
And pours in youth her spirit-blasting fire.
Sex-latent sparks are kindled with inspire
Till unteened boys are burning in my sight.
Life is enraged and fearful in her ire,
Or horrified, palsied and fixed and white
To see mere girls sold to commercial hire
And business traffic in their divinest right;
Bought, sold and penned like beasts by monsters of the night."

"The full maturity of man is but a fuel
To feed this hungry, ever-crying maw.
No burdens, business or restraints can school
Rebellious flesh to an obedient awe.
Appearances is but a masquerade men draw
O'er rank corruptions that underneath are free.
Stripe life naked and her essential law
Is sex indulgence. The very blind doth see
Sex is human nature's center, the raw
And festering soul of human gravity,
Round which the generations more fast and fixed flee."

"Even in old age, the decline, the cold ashes

And burnt-out cinders of the furnace glow,
'Tis the same sense and rarely spirit flashes
To purer flames than youth and prime did know.
What acquiescence to the most blasting foe
Of man! What an age that never, never dares
For purity to strike a prophet's blow,
But leaves the generations to the snares
Of sense! How oft, how oft a head as white as snow
Is the rankest rake and in his bosom bears
A nether-kindled fire that nature's strength outwears."

"What crimes, what crimes, what black and brutal crimes
Hast thou not nursed into this guilty earth!
Far darker deeds than any savage times
Thy parenthood has fathered into birth.
Thou sure wast torn from the extended girth
Of hell to gender never-ending strife
Throughout the world. Adultery, death and dearth
Art thou, and master tragedies that knife
The living souls thou mockest in thy mirth;
Renewing curse and infinitely rife
With multitudinous crimes against the heart of life!"

"What sorrows, what anguish, grief and tears
And fountains hast thou opened in the heart!
The deadliest wounds of all the warring years
Thy murd'rous hands unto our spirits bart.
Thou feedest pleasures from which upstart
The fiercest furies we supplicate as pain.
Blinded with tears, naked unto the mart,
Lone, shelterless, and branded worse than Cain,
Unon the loss no symbols can impart,
Upon the grief that raineth blood like rain,
Thy scorning eyes us mock as down we dead are lain."

"What struggles, most heroic, god-like, vast,
Great tragedies high heaven might behold,
The flesh and soul in place and passion massed
Have fought for life entangled fold in fold.
When heaven denied the promised aid foretold,
When man was strained to purple agony,
When Love and Hope a breathless breath did hold,
Thy brutal strength heeled down that purity
And on the sight oblivion swift was rolled;
Such tragedies ten thousand thousand free
All down and 'round the world the eyes of hope doth see."

"Oh Life, Oh Life, how can man reverence thee?
Thou parent that doth populate the earth,
Thou seemest like a wise divinity
With ends supreme of starry sweeping girth;
But alas! alas! In all the thoughtless mirth
Of man is one so insane, so prodigal
And spendthrift as thyself? From the great birth
Of time to the hours that on us dwell
Unnumbered millions have no other worth
But to be flung into this furnace hell;
And still the fire and fuel grow fiercer as we tell."

"Sex, thou art the most rebellious force in this
Chaotic world, and shouldst be triple chained
Beneath man's feet or hurled to the abyss.
The conscience and the reason are disdained,
And Life and Love with heaven's hosts entrained
Are trampled, trampled, trampled with a curse
Upon all powers that ever have restrained.
Thou defiest God and plungest into worse
Rebellions. Thy blasphemies have profaned
Black hell itself. Against man's universe
Thou risest ever fresh out of thy dark immerse."

"Sex, thou art the sovereign tyrant of the world.
Humanity is but thy host of slaves.
Thy passion has the mighty masses hurled
Along the course which death forever paves
With corpses rank, too many for the graves.
As grow the years thou feedest the desire
So full and fierce thy offspring only craves
The freedom, strength and actions of the sire.
The bestial race that in the darkness raves
And sunk with greed in time's besotting mire,
They scarce can see the dreams the flaming heavens fire."

"Life, love and truth, hope, thought and verse supreme,
All ye high splendors and immortal powers
Whose shadows are the brightness of man's dream
And make a heaven beyond these starry bowers;
Ye are eclipsed and from your flaming towers
A meteor swift can scarcely clip the night
And burst in time's profane and blinded hours.
The soul divine that doth in dream delight,
This soul is blind to virtue and her dowers
Above the world, to virtue sunlike bright,
To virtue that sustains the arch of heaven's height."

"All other tragedies are incidents
To this—that passion should so blind the race
Soul cannot see the pure celestial prints
High heaven writes upon his time and place,
The sense of sexual virtue and her face
Sun-glorious has never burst upon mankind
Except to few of prophet, priestly grace.
How blind, how blind, how stone and blinded blind
Is this brute power man's spirit doth embrace,
When all his life he cannot see or find
The virtue most in need and God for him designed!"

"Oh Virtue! Virtue! Thou foundation base
Of human nature—the belt of strength the Sire
Of heaven gave for man's terrestrial race,
And crown of more than glorious, sunlike fire
Upon his head! Thou mother of the higher
Life of being—the celestial nurse
Of greatness—the parenthood of that inspire
That conceives and populates the universe
With progeny the heaven of heavens desire,
Divinest thought, action and dream and verse
And empires pure and free from sense and self and curse."

"Great as thou art, thou art a stranger in the earth
And alien as a foreigner to man.
The very bastards of their unhallowed mirth
Are more welcome and adopted in the clan
Than thou, the firstborn of heaven. Since time began
This gilded and gigantic house of lust
And prostitution has put a ban
Upon thy name, and with a curse have thrust
Thee to the street. Even now does not life fan
Man's poisoned thoughts like serpents from the dust
And fang them æfter thee with undisguisèd gust?"

"Thy noble name to earth is but a word
The wisest few can dream or dare expound,
And what thou art the hosts have never heard:—
An instant and a sovereign power to hound
The sexual spontanieties to a round
Obedience; a sacred reverence
That leash them down until the soul has found
A motive pure out of the summits whence
She came, far far from senses underground;
'These essences of thy great heart intense
In prophet, pen or song, are they not man's offense?"

"Is it not clear, bright as the effulgent hour
Of morn and burning on the calloused sense
That man should have an instant, sovereign power
Upon these spontanieties intense
And bind the flesh in chains? Without defense
Does it not stand they should be given right
Only when motive and reason's countenance
Can justify their action in the sight
Of heaven? 'Tis the first postulate of conscience
That spirit ought to rule on manhood's height
And flesh be servant bound to love and life and light."

"Virtue to man is merely but a name,
An empty sound without a soul of sense—
A dim and hazy form without the flame
Of even palest passion—a mere pretense
To being and the last thing to intelligence
That has reality. It is his jest—
His unexhausted laughter—his immense
And flippant mockery—his relish best
And rarest spice on life so dull and dense.
The first-born of heaven, man's divinest guest
Scorned, mocked and driven forth from his licentious breast."

"And virtue to the most of womankind
Is such as to the spit upon inspires,
And then kicked into hell far down the blind
And bottomless abyss. It but requires
Restraint from fleshly acts, although the fires
Of sense may be corrupt and almost
Heart consuming. The prophet's fierce desires
For living thought on life, half of the host
Have never dared to dream. Mere custom sires
The old, old word without the living ghost,
Yet of such 'virtue' fine they loudly talk and boast."

"Most men are only virtuous when dead,
Or, if alive, his heart is like a hell
As sense and soul are by each other bled.
Great nature's flesh and sense corruptions well
Into him and the vast impulsions impell
Him fierce and blindly on. Within his heart
'Tis hard to find the letters mere that spell
Out 'virtue.' He rarely sees the lightning dart
Forth from her flaming countenance to tell
His fierce and blinded passions that upstart,
The man his own ideal, worlds, worlds and worlds apart."

"Most womenkind are virtuous till they wed,
But shortly after, and they are no more
Virtuous than their husbands. They are led
Murmurless through the degradations yore
Man heaps on them. Does their living protest soar
And with righteous indignation shake the bower
Of heaven and earth? Does their god-like lore
Of purity stand up before the hour
And love's celestial visions blinding pour
Upon life's coreless coreless heart? Do they shower
God's judgments on the sense that life and love devour?"

"Virtue! Virtue! thy noble institution,
The institution best designed for man,
A God-conceived and heavenly execution
Built up for thee and thy ideal clan;
What can it be when earth's great washing-pan
Can scarcely find a virtuous spirit bright
And never dreams a multitude that can
Rhyme thy nature and fellowship thy height?
They are not found, though since the world began
Thou standest at the door and by thy presence bright
The entrance doth adorn and man doth strong invite."

"But now it seems thou dost thy steps retrace.
A judgment curse seems on the institution.
It serves but to perpetuate the race
And gives to both a virtuous execution
To the flesh. It gives a dissolution
To all restraining powers the conscience
And the God within in rich diffusion
Can summons up against the flesh intense
That binds the soul to its worst prostitution.
Oh Love and Life, gone has not virtue hence
And left the state divine to rule itself by sense?"

"A mere marriage license—a performance
By a priest—the sanction of ages hoar
And unbroken centuries of silence
Give to unbridled flesh a honey store
Of sex satiety, till the very core
Of life with vast revulsion cries: 'Aroint!
Aroint! Out of my sight! The state is sore
With dread disease. It doth disannoint
Life's golden hopes, the hopes that ever soar
To heaven's height to which its blessings point.
Oft to the wise it seems a mere respected joint.'"

"How many and many a most unhallowed flame
Of fierce and undiscoverable desire
Finds full expression here without the blame
Of calloused conscience. The licentious fire
No license ever satisfies but a higher
License breeds, here finds a virtuous vent
And never dreams what virtue doth require.
Within the institution are violations pent
That more than those without draws down the ire
Of heaven. When a lightning hand has rent
The curtains round the bed how marriage down is bent."

"What multitudes beneath this shelter live
And look to heaven without a blush of shame!
Could they their own equal indulgence give
Though young in years and fiercer with the flame
Of passion? For just one week if they would frame
Themselves to virtue conscience would feel the wrong;
If for a month a most unmentioned name
Would thunder out its tones and a brothel song
Would brand them; half a year would them proclaim
As prisoners that unto hell belong,
Under some demon throne in chains and dungeons strong."

"Is sensuality with one man or
Woman any better than sensuality
With a score? Does this mystic marriage lore
Sanctify the gluttony on which we
Rain damnation if they the customs flee?
Is not the problem this: Is the moral man
Or woman a slave, a slave to the
Sexual spontanieties? If so, how can
The time and place, the who and how essential be?
But sensual blindness never yet did scan
The god-like, sun-like lines of life's supremest plan."

"How few, how very few dare stand before
Themselves—before the noblest thoughts of time—
Before Life's ideals that with gladness soar
To heaven's height—before the Oversoul sublime
Who towers above this universe we climb!
How few dare vow the institution has cast
A vast repression on human nature's prime—
Est impulse! Stand up, Ah Soul! Answer the vast
Interrogations the heights of heaven chime
Upon thee! Has the marriage of the past
Bred virtue in the race and bound the passions fast?"

"Bred virtue in the race! Behold the late
Developments that marriage brings to birth!
But stand in pause and silent contemplate
The ripe perfections and full rounded girth
Of its last evolutions. All round the earth
The high ideal is shattered and its design
Is finding now the fullness of its worth
But to relieve this mutual sexual pine.
The flesh, the flesh, and its unhallowed mirth
Is their ambrosial fruit and nectared wine,
And breeds the worst disease the prophet's eyes can sign."

"The institution is sinking to the deep,
And from the deep new degradations rise.
Some infernal inspirations so steep
The soul in sense, from nature it unties
And Him behind both mad and blind defies.
Thousands, tens of thousands, yea, multitudes
Make the institution the mother that supplies
The crimes of life. Upon the world intrudes
A marriage state that offspring doth despise,
And breeds instead the hell-engendered broods
Against whom heaven wars with nature's mighty feuds."

"Is not this suicidal clan akin
To the branded and Cain-accursèd race?
Have they no fellowship or standing in
The honored crimes that humanity disgrace?
Does not this virtue meet and oft embrace
The abortionist, and are they never found
In company of murderers? They pace
The very gates of birth with purpose bound
To assassinate the hopes of life that face
The morning. Life from her deeps profound
Shrinks, shrinks in horror back from these assassins round."

"And more, Oh more, Oh vastly vastly more
Of rank corruption, disease and death and shame,
Of tragedies and anguish ever sore
Are bred on earth out of this sexual flame!
From top to bottom of the social frame,
All round the world, on every distant shore,
Back through the endless ages without name,
It is the same old hist'ry o'er and o'er,
Forever changing all but its sexual aim.
Down from the rind, down to the very core,
'Tis sexuality reigns, and reigns now more than yore."

"Oh man, the man prophets have dreamed, the man
The moments disentangle from the curse,
The man revealed in that celestial plan
That rides upon the summit of the universe!
Oh cosmopolitan spirit! Oh purse
In whom the Infinite delights to stay
And with his life unto the ideal nurse!
As thou beholdest thy evolution's way
And the multitudinous wrecks that vex and verse
The man that wished but had not power to sway,
Oh utter forth thy heart in some prophetic lay!"

"'No more, no more;' a mighty spirit cries
In noble strains of high prophetic verse.
'No more, no more;' the mighty measures rise
Above the earth and discords of the curse.
'No more, no more;' most mighty passions nurse
The strain that climbeth up the heaven's height
And drowns all song the starry choirs unpurse.
'No more. No more!' the culminating might
Seems climbing up the towering universe
And lifts my soul with infinite delight
Into the song divine that circles round the night."

"'No more, no more the offspring round that lies!
No more, no more the children of the curse!
No more, no more the beings that arise
Out of the beast and go to beasts and worse!
No more, no more let living nature nurse
A dragon brood at her maternal breasts
And thus companion, and still more disburse
The pent-up sense that every bosom nests!
No more, no more, Oh vastest universe!
Breed and sustain the long unwelcome guests
That desecrate thy name and trample on thy hests!'"

"'No more, no more the low and bestial powers
Of life perpetuate the generations
And bring them up from time's dark brothel bowers
And send them forth with such fierce dominations!
No more, no more the world's first foul creations
That laired and whelped as brutes in brutal state
Bring forth the seed to mount unto the stations
Of great man! No more, no more thus populate
The portals of the universe with nations
That the universe can never, never mate,
But casts them forth as dung from her divine estate!'"

“ ‘No more, no more the flesh though fair to eyes
That only live to write their condemnations
And slay the hopes that heaven bids arise
To man the world and guide its recreations!
No more, no more, the dark engenderations
So sinister sired twixt pleasure and a curse,
Whose meat and drink are sexual satiations
And hungry still its passions to unpurse!
No more, no more the night-born dominations,
Sense anarchs fierce and hist’ries that they nurse
But always like themselves and sometimes worse and worse!’ ”

“ ‘No more, no more the dark distempered dream
To think we need more of this cursèd kind!
No more, no more diseaseful passions stream
Into the child and thus its future bind
And slay twice dead to all for which designed!
Does this high age require the breed begot
By brutal sense that qualifies the mind
With most immoral bias? Does not
The low-born breed its own destruction find?
Do not their forms high heaven’s brightness blot?
Do not their deeds like plagues the earth though salted rot?

“ ‘How long, how long shall sensuality be
The undisputed parent of the earth,
And breathe the strength of white intensity
Into each heart of dark delivered birth?
How long, how long shall sense of blindest mirth
A mid-wife be that standeth at life’s gate
To take the child, robbed of its highest worth,
And to herself to instant dedicate?
Sense makes for soul this lightning blasted dearth
And on her dreams all curses imprecate,
Her generations long, deform, disease and weight.’ ”

“ ‘How long, how long, out of a multitude
Shall but one child be born from heart and mind,
Unlike the offspring that has ever been the brood
Of pleasure, and as kind produces kind
Come forth sensual, deaf and dumb and blind!
How long, how long shall the great intelligence
Of man be bound and dream or dare to find
The source of this infinity in sense?
Around the globe life’s source is thus entwined,
It seems as nature’s very ordinance
And man and state and church stand up in its defence.’ ”

"Grant, grant, ye Powers, a parentage of virtue,
 A parentage in whom predominate
 The morals and the motives that secure
 The child's divinest right, and thus create
 A nature rich, harmonious to the state
 The ancient heavens designed. Such parents
 Would behold the ripe posterities that mate
 The glorious dreams of millennial ages hence.
 In them high heaven would build its god-like state,
 The unembodied soul of life immense
 Forever calls to come and give her immanence.' "

"Come forth, come forth, ye high supernal powers
 Designed to rule upon man's highest stations,
 Enter the night and by thy sunlike dowers
 Reveal to soul the senses' usurpations!
 Ideals divine, visions and pure creations
 That girdle, guide and crown the universe,
 Deliver man from time's long degradations
 That blessing seem, but swallow up in curse!
 Destroy the old, the old old circulations
 Of ancient days, and in his spirit nurse [verse!'"
 The dreams that ye have dreamed and nourished with your

"Come, thou spirit of intelligence and thought!
 Thou art the liberator of the heart,
 For thou must teach ere liberty is sought.
 Throughout the whole brute sphere thy lightnings dart
 As midnight bolts upon the guilty start.
 Think into this unthinking man and shake
 His blinded world with moral earthquakes. Impart
 The mighty energy that forever breaks
 The powers of sense. To their blind senses bart
 Life's truth divine! 'A thoughtful parent makes
 The virtuous heirs of hope the future thankful takes.' "

"Oh Love, thou art the nurse of life—the crown
 Upon the brow of heaven's heightless height—
 The battle, conquest, victory and renown
 Are thine, and thy omnipotential might
 Shall reign supreme o'er boundless day and night!
 Oh, enter man! As white as glowing fire
 Cleanse thou the flesh, the soul purge and bedight
 With thine own nature. Within him be the sire
 Of noble sons that bear thy image bright.
 Oh Love divine, with infinite inspire
 The generations bring that mount forever higher!' "

“ ‘Oh Eternity! Eternity!
There never will be men till thou dost rise
Within man's heart and by thy spirit be
The nature and the consciousness that cries
For life and love enthroned upon the skies!
Who is so fit to usher into life
The nurslings of immortality and supplies
Of strength to battle with chaotic strife?
What noble births of angel-front and eyes
Would issue forth with god-like actions rife
If thou didst dominate the husband and the wife?’ ”

“ ‘Oh God, Oh God, Thou fatherhood supreme,
The father of all vast created things,
Father once more the man and in him stream
The virtuous life that in thy bosom springs.
Then shall the offspring that thy Spirit brings
Be glorious as heaven's white celestial dove
Has ever brooded o'er or gladly sings
Into the world. The generations of
Such a passion will live on lightning wings,
Like kings and queens soaring to heaven above,
The heaven of heavens supreme, of life in love with love.’ ”

“ ‘Come, come, Oh come ye distant generations,
Ye generations of the golden morn,
Ye progeny of god-like dominations
No dream of man shall ever dare to scorn!
Spirits of fire, immortal souls unshorn—
Sense, passion, stature, majesty and power—
Chosen of heaven, upon whom are ever borne
The ideals and everlasting dower
Of man, Oh come upon this weary, worn
And mangied world, and let her latest hour
Be sheltered by the peace high heavens on ye shower! ”

Thus died the song and scenes upon my eyes;
Thus died the hour of the enfranchised man,
The future man that struggled to arise
Out of the flesh into his ideal plan.
I saw the travailing spirit that would scan
The ages, and within the memory shrined
Were the scenes and songs. Our golden hours can
Never live or die on earth. The revel blind
Rolled its tide upon me. As it o'er ran
The high inspire I sunk back unto my kind,
But the scenes and song and man my spirit more did bind.

GO, GO MY SONGS!

Go, go my songs! To neglect and scorn
As your older kin ye were certain born.
But we'll find ourselves! If we find the self
We can stand up straight and forgo all pelf.

Who findeth the self that is most himself
Finds a world of life and the springs of health;
He findeth the self that is not himself
And the vast round globe and her stores of wealth.

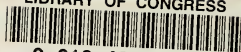
To ourselves alone let us faithful be!
Let us sing our songs, wise, beautiful, free!
They sing to the world and the forward years
Who sing to themselves and the upper spheres.

Let us find ourselves! Let us stand up straight,
Front the world of strife and the strength of fate!
In a world of wealth 'tis the crowning wealth
But to stand up straight in the higher self.





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